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The *Literary World* will be removed on the 15th inst. to its new and commodious offices, 109 Nassau street, where all Communications, Letters, &c., must be hereafter addressed.

A COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

"What security have we," asked Bishop Berkeley, "that nations as well as individuals may not suddenly go mad?" What security have we, ask we, that a periodical with all its contributors may not go crazy *en masse*—clean daft on some hobby or other—and remain so for a tedious length of time? This query has been forced on our consideration by the extraordinary conduct of our whilom respected contemporary, the *American Whig Review*. For the last we don't know how many months it has been unable to talk (or rather rave) on any subject but two—*England* and *Free Trade*, two monstrous nightmares which haunt all its dreams. The aggressions of England and the dangers of free trade—these alternately are the staples of every one of its articles, no matter what the heading be. Thus, in the current number there is something professing to be a story of fashionable life in New York (it might as well be in Nova Zembla or New South Wales, for any resemblance it has to the reality); but before many pages it slides off into an exposition of the peculiar (political shall we call them?) views which characterize all the other papers of the Review. Every person, every occurrence of note has, in the excited imagination of our contemporary, some connexion with the gigantic conspiracy which England (aided, alas! by traitors among ourselves) is getting up against American industry and the liberties of the whole world. At the head of this conspiracy stands H. R. H. Prince Albert, &c., who, tired of his amateur-tailoring pursuits, has left off inventing fantastic regimentals and ventilating hats to get up the Exhibition of Industry—a great scheme of universal delusion, whereby the senses and substance of all nations are to be taken prisoner and shut up in a big glass case—a sorcerer's palace, in which the eyes and ears of all the world and his wife are to be drugged and fascinated. His prime coadjutor on this side the water is—of all men on earth to favor free-traders and monarchists—the editor of the *Tribune*. Deeply implicated with and forming a sort of link between these, is Mr. James, the novelist, whose advent to these shores, it seems, had a hidden political purpose now first discovered, and whose immortal "two horsemen" are by our contemporary's heated vision metamor-

phosed into two fiery griffins ready to swallow up all our mills and factories after the precedent of the renowned Dragon of Wantley. Isn't it awful to contemplate? Will no protecting power interfere in time to save our beloved republic from the unhallowed designs of this nefarious triumvirate, Prince Albert, Horace Greeley, and G. P. R. James, who are coming to take away Nicaragua, and all our other liberties?

It is much to be deplored that several unfortunate facts of recent occurrence, attested by the word of dozens of newspaper writers, afford some foundation for the hallucination of our esteemed contemporary. Thus it is notorious that George Thompson, M. P., and so forth, was sent out here express by the British government to effect a dissolution of the Union, for which purpose a large amount was subscribed, Lord Stanley, Baron Rothschild, Mr. Cobden, Professor Punch, and other well known personages, having put down their names for sums varying from £5,000 to £10,000 each—the surplus to be devoted to the buying up of John Jay, Esq., and other gentlemen of the Abolition persuasion. It has also been long known to all readers of the *Sun*, that our Minister in England has sold the whole country, East, West, North, and South, to the Court of St. James, receiving as the price of his iniquity the promise of the Dukedom of Massachusetts. To these familiar instances we can add some that have recently come under our own observation. Thackeray, in his last work, has a whole page in praise of the New York exquisites, whom he celebrates as having the finest beards, smallest feet, and largest cigars in the world. It is clear he would not say anything so flattering of the country without some ulterior object; which object, we learn from independent sources, to be that of visiting us; and this visit is clearly for the purpose of concocting with G. P. R. James (the Orestes and Pylades friendship of the two writers is well known) some atrocious plot against our liberties. But more. The approaching arrival of *Martin F. Tupper* is publicly announced, and a Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* has it on the best authority that President Fillmore has received intelligence from a source worthy of credit that the said Tupper is making arrangements with his friend ROBERT DODGE, Esq. (some mention the Editor of the *Knickerbocker* as an accomplice in the business, but this part of the report wants confirmation), to blow up the North River, and destroy the navigation of the Erie Canal.

Seriously speaking, is it not rather absurd that this "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," which is an un-English idea from beginning to end, should be represented as a great conspiracy of England against the interests of the world? This notion was altogether too cosmopolite and social for an English ministry or an English public to originate; the merit of it belongs entirely to the Queen's husband. The English, who endured the German Prince well enough so long as he only made hats and shot pheasants and gave them something to laugh at, began to abuse him as soon as he got hold of an original and successful idea. They swore at the expense of the

preparations, forgetting the enormous sums that foreign visitors would bring into their island; they were in agonies lest *Rotten Row* should be destroyed, though none of the plans contemplated interfering with that particularly stupid equestrian promenade. The feeling was so strong that it actually made Brougham and Campbell, for the first time since they had been peers together, take the same side. The Prince's position and the Court influence just managed to carry the project through; but to this day the great organs of public opinion in England have not ceased to rail and sneer at it. And now some of our wisacres discover that the whole is a device of Russell, Palmerston, and Cobden, to bamboozle Brother Jonathan, and destroy American manufactures.

While we are thus writing, a friend who is deeply skilled in antiquarian lore, and has been diving into the newspapers of the last three weeks, looks over our shoulder, and informs us that the real detector of the awful moral torpedo concealed in this great glass house is not our friend the *American*, but one of our City Fathers. Alderman Shaw (may his intelligence never be less!) informed the assembled wisdom of Manhattan that this *World's Fair* was a second edition of the Congress of Vienna, to enslave America, and re-rivet the fetters of Europe. This tremendous intelligence—coming on such authority, too—utterly stupifies and bewilders us; in popular phraseology, it "throws us all off the hooks." We are petrified at such an exhibition of human depravity. To think that these kings and kaisers should make such an attempt in an age which has penny papers, and Paine's Gas, and the Rochester Spirits, and so many means of diffusing virtue and intelligence! Where do they expect to go to? We can only exclaim in the memorable words of Julius Cæsar to Oliver Cromwell: *Quousque, Catilina, abutere patientiâ nostrâ?*

AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE NOVEL.

THE SIX FOLDING SCREENS OF LIFE.

Now first translated into English by WORTHINGTON G. BRETHEN, of Washington, D. C.

(Continued from the last number.)

PART II.

ABOUT the time the up-country rains had begun to swell the waters beneath the bridge of the Field of Plums, in the border city of Nauiwa, the boats returning on the first day of every month from Siomau* approached the landing-place, and from one of them stepped forth the generous and beautiful Futatsugui Komatsu. A variegated dress, waving in the wind like a flower,† attracted her attention, and she hastened along the quay.

"Who goes there?" cried Komatsu. "Is it not Wofana‡ of the Flowery-house?"

The person thus called turned suddenly round.

"What! Komatsu!—where have you been?"

* The location of a temple of the God, Aizus Miowo.

† In the original there is a play upon this word. *Fana* is a flower and is also a short name of *Fansjo*.

‡ The short name of *Pansjo*. When they wish to address a woman with marked respect, the Japanese place the particle *Wo* before her name.

"It is I. I have been with my wish-book to the temple of Aizeu in Siomau, and I have just returned and am on my way to your house."

Wofana smiled.

"The rumor is," said Wofana, "that the God regarded the name of Komatsu with special favor, because a great many lots were thrown before its fate could be ascertained. Your visit to Aizeu was certainly a fortunate one. I had been showing a stranger the way to the street of the Sun, and was going in a contrary direction to the landing-place, when you called, so that I came near missing you. But why did you not employ Tofei on your return, for you know he has a good boat?"

"I had engaged a sedan-chair to return in, but having taken a sudden resolution to come back by water to avoid the great heat of the day I had not time to apprise him of my intention."

While thus conversing they entered the Flowery-house. In a few moments thereafter there went up from the balcony the rich tones of a maiden's voice in the touching song of:—

"Oh! in childhood's days,
How I loved to gaze,
On the face of my mother,
My father and brother;"—

At these words Komatsee sighed, and unconsciously exclaimed:—

"Alas! what gives joy to-day gives pain to-morrow!"—and turning to Wofana, she said:—"Is it your daughter, Wojosi,* who is singing so sweetly?"

"It is. I have been fortunate enough in getting the teacher of the adjoining Stork-Moor† to give her lessons, for she had no instructions from me."

At this moment Wofana looked out in front.

"Yonder is Tofei, as I live," said she, "in his boat with a number of passengers. Let us retire."

Here they went into the second story. Immediately thereafter there stepped ashore from a covered boat that had just arrived, three men in earnest conversation with each other. One of them was Sakitsi, who had recently received the title of Mitzumon Sakitsi. He was attended by a person who lived near the Tea-Spoon in the inn of the Fast-Talkers,—a good-natured quack doctor by the name of Jabuwara Tsikusai, and by the barefooted mimic, Fukazen, wrapped up as usual in his fine silk cloak.

"Can we procure some refreshment in your house, if we stop?" inquired Sakitsi of Tofei.

"You can. I always have something on hand for visitors to my humble house."

There being no objection on the part of Sakitsi's companions, Tofei opened the entrance gate leading to the portico.

"Oh! call not your house common and humble," said Sakitsi cheerily to Tofei. "The Flowery-house is a charming stopping-place, situated as it is in the midst of the shipping part of the town."

"The first time you visit it, sir," said Tofei, "it is not calculated to strike you very favorably. It is an unpretending spot in which there is nothing worth seeing, except a portico of black-wood without an orangery, and a strong wall faced with white pine."

Tsikusai, without once looking up, continued his conversation with Tukazen, and Wofana retreated to her chamber in the second story.

* The name, Josi, with the particle, *Wo*. It was first written *Kajosi*, the particle *Ke* meaning *little*.
† The name of the adjoining house.

"It must be something very extraordinary," said she to Komatsu, "very extraordinary indeed, that has brought Sakitsi into the southward, for he has never before been known to set his foot in this quarter of the city."

"Oh! I know this Sakitsi," replied Komatsu. "Though I avoided all society as much as possible, he always appeared to take great pleasure in my company. Throwing himself back and using the table for his pillow, he used to tell me in the most winning and chatty way how he was separated from his mother in his early days, and cut off from all his childish pleasures. In his youth he detested extravagant expenditure, and never rejoiced over his good fortune. When he fell into the hands of the doctors he used to say to me, in the paroxysms of his fever, that I should never leave him again. For a year past he has taken no part in the business of his house, but is fretting away his life in a fit of melancholy. I have heard it said that he has been very much annoyed because Tsikusai and Fukazen, who are his constant companions, would not consent that he should take the name of Mitzumon, or the Three Threads of the Web. On this account he does not hold in very high esteem their trifling company, though he submits to it for the nonce."

The conversation between Wofana and Komatsu flagged.

"This is very extraordinary weather!" at last remarked Komatsu. "Oh! what a heavy peal of thunder was that!" and she put her hands to her ears.

Wofana smiled.

"It is, indeed, something very unusual that while the sky is hardly yet relieved of its snow we should have such a heavy peal of thunder!"

At this moment, as Tsikusai took the cup that had been handed to him, he chanced to cast his eyes forward.

"Look yonder!" said he, "in that room in which the song of praise is hanging, I see the dressing-case with the carved dog upon it, of which I have heard so much, and, as I live, it is decked off, too, with silk thread lace of seven different colors! Now, why so much honor paid to that old dog-box by dressing it up in new silk-lace?"

Tofei, to whom these words were addressed, looked towards the chamber.

"The parti-colored lace which you see, represents the seven attributes of the mountain-god of the family. Is it not so, Wofana?"

"Yes; we consider it of very great importance and value."

Tsikusai, noticing this evasive reply, counted his fingers.

"It must be so," said he laughingly. "Your little daughter, Wojosi, betrays your age. You must be in your thirtieth year, at least!"

Wofana made towards Tsikusai as though she would box his ears for his impertinence, and left the room. Tukazen followed her.

"That's news that Wofana does not like," said Tsikusai, enjoying the joke, "and it has made her blush. It's nothing to be angry about, I am sure, and nothing to make Tukazen leave the room. Well, well,—I can't help it. But tell me, what is the meaning of the picture upon this screen, opposite to that which represents the flight of a man with a woman?"

Tsikusai brought forward the screen.

"This is an inconvenient way of examining it," said the host, Tofei, "be so good as to unfold it and set it upright. There! this is the continuation of the scene on the other side. There is the Cherry bridge, the Plumfield

bridge, and near by, the Sun-street bridge. Some time ago, as one of the songs of Wofatsu Tokubeje will tell you, I begged from a neighboring painter a set of shifting scenes designed for a puppet stage, and converted them into this folding screen."

Tsikusai examined the scene attentively.

"If I remember correctly," said Tsikusai maliciously, "one of these songs tells us also, that a belle who some years ago took the name of Futatsugusi Komatsu, is an inmate of this house. As your name, Sakitsi, is Mitzumon Sakitsi, you must be the person of that name who is represented in the same song as holding the same tender relation to this Futatsugusi Komatsu, as the folded sheet of a book does to its fellows! It is for you to decide this question, and whether your attachment for this celebrated songstress still continues."

Sakitsi interrupted him.

"If it be true," said he, "that this folding screen brings to your mind a song in which the heroine is a certain Komatsu, of whom I confess I have heard a great deal, but whose like I have never yet seen, the song is a very silly one, for it confers immortality upon a trifling woman. It is a grievous thing that the songs of Wofatsu, who holds the gods of heaven in his bosom, so blest is he, should be referred to by such foolish mortals as we are, for the purpose of illustrating the virtues of this degenerate age. My rule has ever been, never to be guilty of such folly. *Belles are sickle, and are wares which can be bought and sold! The moment a man pays his money for one of these belles and makes her his wife, she declares herself independent of him!* I hold these maxims to be true, and I attach great importance to them."

During the whole of this conversation Sakitsi had been surveying with great curiosity the upper chambers, and he had no sooner made the above speech than his eyes suddenly fell upon Futatsugusi Komatsu. Wofana, who was with her, looked over her shoulder unobserved. Sakitsi spilled the wine he had in his hand, without noticing it until it ran down upon his knees.

"A belle here! Who is she?" exclaimed Sakitsi.

"Futatsugusi Komatsu, of whom Tsikusai has heard so much," said Tofei.

No sooner had Sakitsi heard this than he threw down his cup in great trepidation, and smoothing his girdle, drew it tightly around his waist.

"Oh! happy, happy hour!" said Sakitsi. "I shall now renew the pleasures I used to experience in her company."

"Remember, Sakitsi," whispered Tsikusai in his ear, "remember that the human heart, like the wind, is subject to change and to be chilled by the falling rain, and forget not that the tallest trees which bloom in silence originally came from the earth!"

"Come, I pray you," said Sakitsi to Komatsu; "come to my humble house."

Here he and his two friends joined Tofei and Komatsu, who had already risen to start, and he accompanied her to Simano Utsi.

Komatsu was silently reposing upon the cushion of rest in her chamber, with her back turned towards Sakitsi, while he was quietly smoking his pipe.

"Your silence, Komatsu, leads me to believe that you are waiting for me to recall the past to your memory. I will do so, with your permission, in a very few words. When I was in Jamato, I became a constant attendant upon your instrumental performances in the temple

of Naujeu; but in the midst of the pleasures which I experienced in listening to them, you suddenly disappeared, whither no one could tell. A report got out that you had sold yourself, and I should never have found out that you were here in my own immediate neighborhood, had I not been upon my daily round in search of you. Most fortunately I have met with you, and, to increase my happiness, I now find myself alone with you. As I am a person utterly unskilled in the language of love, I beseech you to relieve me from the suspense I am in, and tell me whether I have still a place in your heart."

He neatly folded up a paper with ten taels in it, and handed it to her.

"Will you have the goodness to give this to Faua," continued he, "and should she not need all of it, you can lay out what is left in the purchase of trifles for your toilet."

Sakitsi laid down his pipe, and Komatsu, with averted face, made a low obeisance.

"The lowering sky precedes the storm. But speak, Komatsu, speak, I pray you."

She unconsciously touched his hand.

"I can never consent to countenance any man who entertains a bad opinion of my sex. *'Belles are fickle, and are wares that can be bought and sold.'* Komatsu can never listen to the man who is guilty of holding such a sentiment to be true."

These words were uttered in a firm tone.

"Nay: but hear me," replied Sakitsi. "Had I dreamt of your being present I would never have uttered such a sentiment. Indeed it is impossible that I should have been guilty of uttering such an unjust sentiment towards your sex under any circumstances. That I sincerely love you, you may know from the fact that I have avoided all society whatever since your disappearance, and have spent all my time in search of your place of abode, in order to make you mine."

"If this be so, why did you not present me with two or three mon* when you first met me? it would have been quite enough to prove your sincerity. *'The moment a man pays his money for one of these belles, and makes her his wife, she declares herself independent of him.'* But enough of this rillery; for I see, Sakitsi, that my words do not offend you; that you do not treat me with the less regard because I speak so harshly; and as your fixed purpose appears to be to bestow upon me your hand, I am convinced that you did not mean to apply these idle expressions to me. In the meantime, however, while I did not know you had so selfish a heart as these sentiments would indicate, I have been more than a hundred times to Aizen, and have just returned thence to-day. Read this."

Here she eagerly handed to him a paper written by herself. Sakitsi took it, opened it, and read,

"Questions addressed to Aizen, and his answers thereto:

"Q. I desire to know whether there is any man who loves me, and will continue to love me to the end of life?

"A. *Kitsi*†. And this word was repeated thirty-six times.

"Q. What will the man do who shall resolve to make me his wife? If there be such a one, I desire to know.

"A. No answer.

"Q. If thou wilt not show me his face, tell me his name and all about him.

"A. Aizen was silent.

* Mon is a copper coin.
† *Kitsi* means lucky, and probably is intended to be a portion of the name Sakitsi.

"Q. What means the word *Kitsi*?

"A. Ask your heart, and it will tell you who loves you."

Sakitsi tore up the paper on which these questions and answers were written.

"Hark! the thunder approves!" cried Sakitsi.

"Be it so," whispered Komatsu.

She leaned over Sakitsi, unnoticed by him, until, face to face, her eye met his.

"What say'st thou, love?"

"I am yours, heart and soul."

"Wilt thou be mine, through life and death?"

"Through life and through death!" softly whispered Sakitsi. And thenceforward a new world opened its portals of joy to the two lovers.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society was held at Trenton the 23d ult., members being present from the various parts of the State, and manifesting a high degree of interest in the present condition and future prospects of the Society. We find the report of its proceedings in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*. The deaths of Col. R. G. JOHNSON, the first Vice-President, and of Hon. GARRET D. WALL, one of the earliest members, were announced; and appropriate resolutions, offered by Hon. J. C. HORNBLLOWER and Rt. Rev. Bishop DOANE, respectively, with feeling and appropriate remarks, were passed. A Committee of two from each Congressional District of the State, with R. S. Field, Esq., as Chairman, was appointed to collect material for a volume of memoirs of distinguished Jersey-men.

In the afternoon the Society listened, with great satisfaction, to an address from Joseph P. Bradley, Esq., of Newark. His subject was, "THE AMERICAN UNION, and the perils to which it has been exposed;" following the line of the history of the United States down to the present day, and showing what perils we have so happily passed. He assumed, as his starting point, that this Union has existed since the 5th of September, 1774, the day when the first Continental Congress met, the day when these Colonies first became a political unit; a position which, under various forms, they have kept to this day. We are now, he said, reposing under the shade of the very tree, planted in tears and sorrow on the 5th of September, 1774, which has since been watered by the blood of patriots, and nourished by Divine aid until it has grown so mighty. This point Mr. B. fixed as the beginning of our Union, because the various previous compacts entered into among the Colonies, were only temporary in their duration, such as to keep off the incursions of Indians, &c.

The first compact was indefinite in the character of its powers; this constituted our first peril. Each colony had the power to separate from the others, when in its judgment it was proper to do so. Mr. B. gave a synopsis of the loose character of the powers conferred on Congress by the articles of Confederation of '77; among which was, that each State should have one vote in Congress. They made no provision for a Judiciary, or to regulate Commerce, and on account of the manifest want of inherent strength in the Confederation, dependent on each State for the national necessities, it was that the Union was in great peril, and soon became an object of derision. On account of the non-attendance of members on one occasion, a treaty

could not be ratified, and a vessel had to be sent to the other contracting power, to have the time for ratification extended; and at another time Congress had to be adjourned because a member went home to be married. General distress and panic ensued, serious insurrections arose; fomented, it was said, by foreign intrigues. Mr. B. here called attention to the fact, that New Jersey showed at that time, as ever since, that she has always been ready to sacrifice her own interests for the general good. Among the first to ratify the articles of confederation on the 26th of Nov., 1778, her Legislature appended certain amendments which they thought desirable. They related to the very defects which the lapse of years showed so manifest. Among them were, that there was no fealty to the general government; that the power in each state to regulate trade would involve them in perpetual difficulty; that no provision was made for a National Navy, to restrain a standing army in time of peace, or to adjust supplies according to the wants of the several states; urging that the public lands ought to be vested in Congress, for National purposes, &c. These amendments our Legislature thought ought to be engrafted on the articles of Confederation, but did not insist on them as a sine qua non of their adhesion to the Union. They were rejected, and our Confederation went into effect, with the seeds of dissolution in it; but the glaring defects of the Confederacy were the seeds of the Constitution.

Mr. B. read some extracts from a letter of General Washington, written about this time,—in which he spoke of the disastrous prospects of the country, under the working of the old system,—and sketched an outline of the steps which led to the formation of a constitution which should give the government an inherent vitality. In February, 1783, Dr. Witherspoon, with this end in view, offered a resolution that Congress should have the power to regulate duties on imports in all the States, and other plans were proposed, which all failed, and nothing was accomplished. Finally Virginia invited the States to send Commissioners to meet in Convention at Annapolis, which was done by only five states; and the Convention, deeming their powers inadequate, dissolved without effecting anything. This step, however, led to the meeting of the Convention to frame our Constitution, and the second great peril was passed; although another followed close on its heels.

The peril was in the Convention itself; for the variant opinions of the members of the Convention, each insisting upon the adoption of his own views, at many times warranted the apprehension that this was the setting, and not the rising sun of the republic, although it happily proved the latter. There was warm, zealous, and angry debate; crimination followed recrimination. But out of all this tribulation was the salvation of the nation, for not a clause nor a word in the Constitution was adopted, that was not carefully considered, and it is a great mistake to suppose, as is sometimes stated, that anything crept into it by inadvertence. The Constitution was finally adopted and ratified by all the States, and the third great peril, the danger of disagreement, was passed. New Jersey was among the first to ratify it, which was done unanimously by the Convention at Trenton, in December, 1787.

The next peril consisted in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798, in which the tremendous doctrine was assumed, that each State was its own judge of the constitutionality of any act of Congress, and ought to

oppose any act which was contrary to the rights of the States. But this peril was passed by the election of Jefferson to the Presidency, and the repeal of the obnoxious alien and sedition laws. Mr. B. next took a rapid review of the subsequent dangers which have assailed the Republic; the Hartford Convention of 1814, which assumed the same monstrous doctrine of nullification as the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions; the stormy controversy attending the Missouri Compromise of 1820; the South Carolina nullification of 1830 and 1832; and finally, the fearful crisis through which we have just passed, in 1850. He closed with a just tribute to our gallant State, which has always, in every peril, sustained the Union.

A resolution of thanks was presented to Mr. Bradley for his interesting paper, and a copy requested for publication in the next number of the Society's periodical.

The Committee appointed to nominate officers submitted the following, who were, on motion, elected to the several offices for the ensuing year—

President—HON. JOSEPH C. HORNBLOWER, LL.D.

Vice Presidents—HON. JAMES PARKER, STACY C. POTTS, Esq., HON. JAMES G. KING.

Corresponding Secretary—WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD.

Recording Secretary—DAVID A. HAYES.

Treasurer—JAMES ROSS.

Librarian—SAMUEL H. PENNINGTON, M.D.

Executive Committee—Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., Hon. Henry W. Greene, Hon. Wm. B. Kinney, Archer Gifford, Esq., Hon. Daniel Haines, Richard S. Field, Esq., Littleton Kirkpatrick, Esq., Rt. Rev. George W. Doane, D.D., LL.D., Hon. E. B. D. Ogden.

On motion of Mr. W. A. WHITEHEAD—

Resolved, That the Committee on Statistics be requested to prepare for the Society a Report upon the Census of 1850, showing the progress made by the State in population, manufactures, agriculture, education, &c., with comparative tables; and presenting such statements and arguments as may be calculated to exhibit in their true light the resources of New Jersey, and conduce to the formation of just views of her present position and prospects.

Several interesting autographs and revolutionary relics were received from Mr. John J. Morris of Philadelphia; and an Original Pledge to uphold the cause of America, signed by 177 citizens of Pequannock, Morris County, in 1776, was presented by the Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle, of Rockaway.

Mr. JOHN J. CHETWOOD read a very interesting letter from General Washington to his wife, dated June 24th, 1776, when at Cambridge, which had never been printed:—detailing in an admirable manner some of the difficulties which encompassed the Commander-in-Chief. In it he expresses the opinion that hostilities must soon cease—his own desire for peace and attachment to the King—his aversion to the title of rebel, and his confidence that posterity would do him justice, &c. The letter is very ably written, and showing Washington as it does without disguise, cannot but increase the admiration for his character wherever read.

Dr. LEWIS CONDUCT, on moving the thanks of the Society to Mr. Chetwood, expressed the hope that he would endeavor to get the prohibition removed, which it was understood rested on its publication.

On motion of Mr. FIELD,

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mr. Bradley for his able and highly

interesting paper, and that he be requested to place a copy of it at the disposal of the Committee on Publications.

The Society then adjourned to meet in NEWARK on the third Thursday of May next, in accordance with the By-Laws.

LITERATURE.

LEGENDARY GREECE.*

IN respect of pure intellect, the ancient Greeks have never been surpassed by any race of men that lived on the earth. For military prowess and commercial enterprise they hold no undistinguished place among nations. It is not surprising that the civilized world, on which they left so deep an impress, should pay them the tribute of a respectful interest; that Greek history should always command the attention of the modern student, and occupy a conspicuous niche in the great temple of modern literature. Nor has the antiquity of the subject withheld it from sharing in the march of modern improvement. There has been a strongly marked advance successively from Rollin, Gillies, *et id genus*, to the investigating but deeply prejudiced Mitford; from Mitford to the learned and candid, but dry and at times inconclusive Thirlwall; from Thirlwall to the philosophical democrat, Grote.

We call Mr. Grote a philosophical democrat, for to us he appears the *beau ideal* of one. Thoroughly convinced that a democratic not only is the best government, but always *has been*, and that the sins laid at the door of part-democracies are for the most part either exaggerated or attributed to the wrong cause,—advocating these opinions openly, boldly, and dexterously, he betrays none of the violence, vulgarity, shallowness, or love of change for mere sake of change, which are exhibited by very many, we may say by most of those who have the same hyper-democratic political bias. He has a deliberative wisdom seldom found in the radical. He is a true and thorough scholar; we cannot point out another man who, with so much knowledge, has so little of the mere "shop" and parade of scholarship about him, whose learning, whether shown in text or notes, comes in so naturally and relevantly. At the same time, his originality of speculation is very marked; his studies have guided, not hampered it. He takes up a subject, like that of Socrates and the sophists, for instance, which scores of learned men have been writing about for years, till it seemed as if every inch of the ground had been gone over again and again—and, presto! the whole matter is put in a new light, and you wonder how yourself and all the Germans could have been so stupid. As Mr. Grote is a radical without ceasing to be a gentleman and a philosopher, so he deigns to understand old ideas though he is able to start new ones. His knowledge of contemporary history and politics is remarkable: on Swiss or French affairs he talks like a Swiss or a Frenchman; and the young American who goes not merely to "see," but also to tell "how much we have improved on the institutions of the mother country" (to use a general sentiment now stereotyped by our highest state authority), cannot add much to the historian's already existing knowledge of us.

In fact, Mr. Grote is too much of a cosmopolite to be a very successful Englishman. We verily believe he understands the instincts, motives, propensities, prejudices—the character,

in short, of half a dozen different nations of ancient and modern times as well as he does that of his own countrymen; perhaps better. This want of nationality has disqualified him from ever having any great influence in public affairs at home. For an apt illustration of our meaning, we refer to the respective writings of Mr. Grote and Sydney Smith on the Ballot. To us Americans the articles in the Westminster seem the perfection of common sense and lucid logical argument, and the "No Ballot" pamphlet singularly inferior to the other productions of its author—resting more on ridicule than reason, and escaping under a brisk fire of jokes from the real points of the controversy. But Sydney Smith understood what Mr. Grote did not—the prejudices, passions, and predispositions of his audience, and so while the latter, who argued the question on general principles and abstract justice, found few to remember and fewer to follow him, the former, with his smart practical application of little individual objections, gained not only immediate applause but permanent success. The very traits of mind that qualify Mr. Grote for the philosophic historian of another country, prevent him from being a distinguished political man in his own.

From a thorough radical we naturally expect a strong exhibition of destructiveness in some direction. With Mr. Grote this propensity takes the turn of utterly sweeping away the heroic age of Greece, so far as its historical character is concerned. The heroes of Homer he deems as mythological as the gods from whom they were descended, and with whom they associated. The "Tale of Troy Divine," and all the legends connected with it, are worth nothing *as history*; they are of great value in showing the character and bent of the early Greek mind. The first inhabitants of Hellas, with their vivid fancy and imagination, and without any science or philosophy as we understand the terms, were like clever precocious children, believing, repeating, and inventing all manner of interesting and marvellous stories.

Thus it will be seen that our historian comes out in direct opposition to the *Euemerizing* school, as those writers are technically called who would resolve all the wonders of ancient story into plausible but uncertified possibilities. He illustrates his position from the myths of modern Europe—legends of the saints, Turpin's Chronicle, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. In some of these cases, we think, the proof is liable to the same uncertainty and dispute as the original problem; *e. g.* the *Nibelungen Lied*, which the Euemerists, English and German, still maintain to "have manifestly a historical foundation, Etzel being plainly the famous Attila, Dietrich Theodoric the Goth, and counterparts to Siegfried and Gunther being producible from the early history of the Franks" (vide the current number of Blackwood), while Mr. Grote is of opinion "that the more thoroughly this old Teutonic story has been traced and compared, in its various transformations and accompaniments, the less can any well established connexion be made out for it with authentic historical names or events." But in later instances, where we have contemporary reliable evidence to test the truth of the narrative, a great deal may be found to support his theory. In the second edition he notices some of the many critics who have honored him with their notice, particularly an English one in the *Quarterly* and a German one in the *Jahrbücher*, who agree in denying that the *mythopoeic faculty* is creative; that is to say, in more popular language, they affirm that all popular legends have a nucleus

* A History of Greece, by George Grote, Esq. Part I. Legendary Greece. Vol. I. Reprinted from the second London edition. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1851.

of fact. In answer to which Mr. Grote first re-affirms one of his original propositions, that, whether such nucleus exist or not in the Greek myths, we have in fact no means of getting at it, in the absence of corroboratory evidence; and secondly, he appeals to "the divine legends of so many nations" as proof that the mythopoeic faculty is creative. We think his pretensions may be easily and copiously sustained. To recur to the illustration drawn from childhood, we find clever children not only repeating and altering, but inventing stories—often to the consternation of their parents, when they happen to be of a class who cannot discriminate between fiction and falsehood. Or to take a more dignified and directly pertinent parallel. The death of Roland at Roncesvalles has a certain historical basis of truth—the cutting off of Charlemagne's rear-guard; but the parties concerned were Spaniards, not Saracens. Here, then, is a case where the legend has a nucleus of truth, but what that was we should never have been able to determine from the story itself, without the independent evidence which we fortunately possess. This illustrates Mr. Grote's first proposition. The fable of Pope Joan, which once had considerable currency even in the Romish world, but is now laughed at by all intelligent Protestants, is proved to have scarcely the shadow of a foundation: some of the popes about that time were very much under the influence of their mistresses; that is absolutely all the historical nucleus of the story. That a narrative so circumstantial, so widely diffused, and, though extraordinary, not *per se* incredible, should have sprung from such an apology for a germ, seems to us pretty good proof that the popular aptitude for legend and romance does not always require reality on which to erect its ideal fabric.

But it is time to let Mr. Grote speak for himself. We commend to our readers' attention the following extracts, which have not been made rashly or hastily, but with much care and attention:—

"The times which I thus set apart from the region of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere—that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, essentially unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this; if he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture; I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his master-piece of imitative art: 'The curtain is the picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot, by any ingenuity, be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands,—not to efface, still less to repaint it."

"The real Trojan war is that which was recounted by Homer and the old epic poets, and continued by all the lyric and tragic composers. For the latter, though they took great liberties with the particular incidents, and introduced to some extent a new moral tone, yet worked more or less faithfully on the Homeric scale: and even Euripides, who departed most widely from the feeling of the old legend, never lowered down his matter to the analogy of contemporary life. They preserved its well-defined object, at once righteous and romantic, the recovery of the daughter of

Zeus and sister of the Dioskuri—its mixed agencies, divine, heroic, and human—the colossal force and deeds of its chief actors—its vast magnitude and long duration, as well as the toils which the conquerors underwent, and the Nemesis which followed upon their success. And these were the circumstances which, set forth in the full blaze of epic and tragic poetry, bestowed upon the legend its powerful and imperishable influence over the Hellenic mind. The enterprise was one comprehending all the members of the Hellenic body, of which each individually might be proud, and in which, nevertheless, those feelings of jealous and narrow patriotism, so lamentably prevalent in many of the towns, were as much as possible excluded. It supplied them with a grand and inexhaustible object of common sympathy, common faith, and common admiration; and when occasions arose for bringing together a Pan-Hellenic force against the barbarians, the precedent of the Homeric expedition was one upon which the elevated minds of Greece could dwell with the certainty of rousing an unanimous impulse, if not always of counterworking sinister by-motives among their audience. And the incidents comprised in the Trojan cycle were familiarized, not only to the public mind but also to the public eye, by innumerable representations both of the sculptor and the painter,—those which were romantic and chivalrous being better adapted for this purpose, and therefore more constantly employed than any other.

"Of such events the genuine Trojan war of the old epic was for the most part composed. Though literally believed, reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past, by the Grecian public, it is in the eyes of modern inquiry essentially a legend, and nothing more. If we are asked whether it be not a legend embodying portions of historical matter, and raised upon a basis of truth; whether there may not really have occurred at the foot of the hill of Ilium a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Enós, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epic war—like the mutilated trunk of Deiphobus in the under-world; if we are asked whether there was not really some such historical Trojan war as this, our answer must be, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed. We possess nothing but the ancient epic itself, without any independent evidence; had it been an age of records indeed, the Homeric epic in its exquisite and unsuspecting simplicity would probably never have come into existence. Whoever therefore ventures to dissect Homer, Arktinus, and Leschès, and to pick out certain portions as matters of fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of proving or verifying his conclusions."

"These myths or current stories, the spontaneous and earliest growth of the Grecian mind, constituted at the same time the entire intellectual stock of the age to which they belonged. They are the common root of all those different ramifications into which the mental activity of the Greeks subsequently diverged; containing, as it were, the preface and germ of the positive history and philosophy, the dogmatic theology and the professed romance, which we shall hereafter trace each in its separate development. They furnished aliment to the curiosity, and solution to the vague doubts and aspirations of the age; they explained the origin of those customs and standing peculiarities with which men were familiar; they impressed moral lessons, awakened patriotic sympathies, and exhibited in detail the shadowy, but anxious presentiments of the vulgar as to the agency of the gods: moreover, they satisfied that craving for adventure and appetite for the marvellous, which has in modern times become the province of fiction proper.

"It is difficult, we may say impossible, for a man of mature age to carry back his mind to his conceptions such as they stood when he was a child, growing naturally out of his imagination and feelings, working upon a scanty stock of materials, and borrowing from authorities whom he blindly followed, but imperfectly apprehended. A similar difficulty occurs when we attempt to place ourselves in the historical and quasi-philosophical point of view which the ancient myths present to us. We can follow perfectly the imagination and feeling which dictated these tales, and we can admire and sympathize with them as animated, sublime, and affecting poetry; but we are too much accustomed to matter of fact and philosophy of a positive kind, to be able to conceive a time when these beautiful fancies were construed literally and accepted as serious reality.

"Nevertheless it is obvious that Grecian myths cannot be either understood or appreciated except with reference to the system of conceptions and belief of the ages in which they arose. We must suppose a public not reading and writing, but seeing, hearing, and telling—destitute of all records, and careless as well as ignorant of positive history with its indispensable tests, yet at the same time curious and full of eagerness for new or impressive incidents—strangers even to the rudiments of positive philosophy, and to the idea of invariable sequences of nature either in the physical or moral world, yet requiring some connecting theory to interpret and regularize the phenomena before them. Such a theory was supplied by the spontaneous inspirations of an early fancy, which supposed the habitual agency of beings intelligent and voluntary like themselves, but superior in extent of power, and different in peculiarity of attributes. In the geographical ideas of the Homeric period, the earth was flat and round, with the deep and gentle ocean-stream flowing around and returning into itself: chronology, or means of measuring past time, there existed none; but both unobserved regions might be described, the forgotten past unfolded, and the unknown future predicted—through particular men especially inspired by the gods, or endowed by them with that peculiar vision which detected and interpreted passing signs and omens."

"The utmost which we accomplish by means of the semi-historical theory, even in its most successful applications, is, that after leaving out from the mythical narrative all that is miraculous or high colored or extravagant, we arrive at a series of credible incidents; incidents which *may, perhaps*, have really occurred, and against which no intrinsic presumption can be raised. This is exactly the character of a well written modern novel (as, for example, several among the compositions of Defoe), the whole story of which is such as may well have occurred in real life: it is plausible fiction, and nothing beyond. To raise plausible fiction up to the superior dignity of truth, some positive testimony or positive ground of inference must be shown; even the highest measure of intrinsic probability is not alone sufficient. A man who tells us that, on the day of the battle of Platas, rain fell on the spot of ground where the city of New York now stands, will neither deserve nor obtain credit, because he can have had no means of positive knowledge; though the statement is not in the slightest degree improbable. On the other hand, statements in themselves very improbable may well deserve belief, provided they be supported by sufficient positive evidence; thus the canal dug by order of Xerxes across the promontory of Mount Athos, and the sailing of the Persian fleet through it, is a fact which I believe, because it is well attested; notwithstanding its remarkable improbability, which so far misled Juvenal as to induce him to single out the narrative as a glaring example of Grecian mendacity. Again, many critics have observed that the general tale of the Trojan war (apart from the superhuman agencies) is not more improbable than that of the Crusades, which every one admits to be an historical

fact. But (even if we grant this position, which is only true to a small extent) it is not sufficient to show an analogy between the two cases in respect to negative presumptions alone; the analogy ought to be shown to hold between them in respect to positive certificate also. The Crusades are a curious phenomenon in history, but we accept them, nevertheless, as an unquestionable fact, because the antecedent improbability is surmounted by adequate contemporary testimony. When the like testimony, both in amount and kind, is produced to establish the historical reality of a Trojan war, we shall not hesitate to deal with the two events on the same footing."

As the republication of this interesting and valuable work continues, we hope to have something more to say about it from time to time.

C. A. B.

M. POUSSIN'S UNITED STATES.*

THE object of this work, briefly stated, is to develop the progress of the American Colonies to their present national position. The author, late Minister of the Republic of France to the United States, was a resident in this country for many years, was a Member of the Board of Topographical Engineers appointed by the American Government to examine the physical resources of our territory for national defence, and enjoyed many social and political opportunities of observing the practical working of the democratic element. He has, accordingly, divided his work into two parts. In the first he has attempted to trace the origin, the institutions, and especially the political tendencies of the Americans. In the second, he has exhibited with great fulness our military resources, and the developments of our agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. He has presented the early history of the country, because he regards all that it now discloses as the logical deduction of various antecedents, of time, place, climate, and moral and material circumstance. While the book furnishes neither gossip nor anecdote, it mixes with positive information much personal observation: with that running commentary of axiom and speculation which is the peculiarity of all French books on the United States. These are sometimes more ample than accurate: large conclusions are drawn from slight premises: and the reader is oppressed with an undue sense of the magnitude and magnificence of events or incidents which seem to his American view as of little importance. A natural zeal has directed his researches to a quarter, in the history of the early settlement of our country, which was kept often, in fact almost always, out of sight by the cloud of Anglo-Saxon observers: namely, to the part which France enacted in the struggles which took place on the land and water of the New World: and in which, as he contends, she sustained the honor of the French name.

In a rapid summary, we may say that the first part of M. Poussin's work ranges over the discoveries and first settlements of the Scandinavians, Spanish, French, and English, with a more detailed examination of the periods of special activity of the French and Spaniards: the English: the Dutch: the Colonization of New England, New York, New Jersey; of Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North and South Carolina: the French Colonies in Canada: a brief summary of the struggle for Independence: the formation of the Union: and the successive incorporation therein of

* The United States: its Power and Progress. By Guillaume Tell Poussin. Translated from the French by Edmund L. Du Barry, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1851.

Louisiana, Florida, and Oregon. In passing, he properly avails himself of an "opportunity to recommend a work from the pen of a distinguished gentleman of Boston [since removed to New York city], Mr. George Bancroft, the first volumes of which have just appeared in the United States. The favor with which his new *History of the United States* has been received by the American public is a significant guarantee of its excellence."

To the second branch of his undertaking M. Poussin has devoted a more elaborate attention than any previous writer from abroad. He has begun with the origin of the national defence, and the first project of it as embodied in the Constitution: has explained the organization of a Board connected with that great interest: with an account of its labors and the military survey of the interior and of the maritime frontier of the Union; with the general plan adopted for the defence of the coast. The great merit of the system of defence adopted by the Americans (he asserts) is that it protects the centres of population and commerce in the Union, and extends its protection over all the great water-courses, the outlets of commerce, and the copious products of American industry, and turns to account all the resources of the nation. The elements of which it is composed are inseparable, for the numerous relations which exist between them are essential to form a whole, without which we could attribute no excellence to the system. Each part contributes to the general effect: each element is indispensable to the efficiency of the others. Suppress the navy, and the defence becomes passive. Cut off the lines of communication of the system, and the navy ceases to act effectively, since it will then suffer for want of supplies. Fortifications would offer but feeble resistance if not provisioned in time, and supplied with men and munitions of war. Again, if the fortifications were abandoned, the navy compelled to defend the coasts would lose its unity of action. With a more particular account of the fortifications of the country, their character, armament, and jurisdiction, M. Poussin proceeds to a description of the several maritime frontiers of the United States and* of their military organization, embracing the ports of Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Pensacola; following these with an account of the northern and western lines: with the various arsenals, armories, depots, magazines, and foundries. The national channels of communication in the navigable waters and highways, as making these reciprocally serviceable in a general system, are of course considered; and acknowledged as of eminent advantage and practicability. A topic which will awaken particular interest at this time is the progress of steam navigation, with an examination of our resources of that class: the number of steam vessels; their effective force and tonnage; with the expense of that species of service on the Atlantic, the Western rivers, and the Lakes. In the canals is also found another convenience of defence of decided utility; and in railroads a still more direct, active, and important contributor. Of these we have various valuable details, as to length, cost, repairs, returns, mode of construction, of American locomotives; the establishments where they are constructed, the cars, current expenses of the roads, fare for passengers and freight; and, as a crowning property—the light of the eye to the whole head—the electric telegraph, mentioned by M. Poussin as "the splendid discovery due to Professor Morse, an American." With all these vast agencies at work we thus

see, says our author, realized in the new hemisphere, that combination of interests which is to blend all its inhabitants in one common feeling of nationality; a result of the highest importance, since it includes the power of the people to appreciate almost simultaneously what affects their moral, political, and material welfare. In this way a community is rendered strong, prosperous, and independent. As a sequel to these general premises the ex-French minister presents an exhibit of the numerical force of the American army, of the corps of officers, mode of recruiting, discipline of the garrisons and encampments of the federal troops; acknowledging, as any observer must, that after all the militia is the principal element of defence. With a consideration of this vast army of the people, in number equal to the greatest of the nations, he proceeds to dwell on the spirit of conquest which he considers a national trait of the American character; and, as enwrapping all this fire of progress and grandeur of material prosperity, we have the climate of the United States considered, with the causes which contribute to render it temperate, the meteorological observations taken by order of the medical department of the army, and their results. M. Poussin finds three very distinct climates in the United States, corresponding with the territorial divisions of the coast, of the interior, and of the borders of the great lakes.

The further topics, treated of in the same spirit of candor and honorable acknowledgment of the facts, are, the population of the United States, the recent returns of which are astounding even to Americans; education; agriculture; commerce; manufactures: and the working classes. With the American, the genius for business, M. Poussin contends, is allied to an ambitious character; that it is not simply the selfish desire of money, but is inspired by the same resolution to advance and extend himself which he exhibits in his whole career. The business or practical element he, however, admits, in asserting that "American authors produce fewer works of imagination and of deep reasoning, than works which make known the results of their own observations or embody an interpretation of their own ideas." Who can fail to peruse with interest a work which with such painstaking diligence narrates the history and discloses the resources of his country, and concludes with an acknowledgment that "in the hands of the Americans the New World has become a land of prodigies—a land where each movement of man has been an advancement in social, political, and industrial life."

ANCIENT EGYPT.*

[A brilliant Ethnological resumé from the LONDON TIMES.]
[Concluded from our last]

LITERATURE the Egyptians appear to have had none, except of the monumental or sacred kind, including under the latter head the sacred books of science. But the art of writing was practised by them, or at least by the learned part of them, more extensively than by any contemporary nation. Mr. Kenrick gives us a full history of the interpretation of hieroglyphics, the key to which was first given by the parallel inscriptions in hieroglyphic and Greek found on the famous Rosetta stone, and metes to Young and Champollion their due shares in that discovery, of which each uncandidly claimed the whole. The hieroglyphics are now known to be of three kinds, all of which are generally mingled in the same inscription—the pictorial, the symbolical, and

* *Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs.* By John Kenrick, M.A. In two volumes. B. Fellowes.

the phonetic. The pictorial hieroglyphic is the simple picture of the thing signified. Symbolical hieroglyphics are, among others, a crescent for a month, the maternal vulture for maternity, the filial vulpanser for son, the bee for a people obedient to their king, the bull for strength, the ostrich feather with its equal filaments for truth, the lotus for Upper and the papyrus for Lower Egypt. To these we may add the bird, which denotes a cycle of time (in Coptic *phanech*), and about which such wild fables were received by the credulity of Herodotus and by that of the Fathers. But the greater part of the hieroglyphics are phonetic like our alphabet, and are being slowly and precariously deciphered into the words of a language which is identified with the ancient form of Coptic.

The religion of the Egyptians must be gathered chiefly from the sculptures and paintings. The religious inscriptions and funeral papyri remain undeciphered. The account of Herodotus is rendered suspicious by his solicitude to force the Pantheon of Egypt into a conformity with that of Greece. The accounts of the later Greeks are tainted by their philosophizing and mysticizing spirit. That the Egyptian theology embodied no profound physical or metaphysical system is evident from the fact that it was not formed at once, but by gradual addition and development, and that it was to the last partly local. It appears to have been, like the other religions of the Pagan world—of Greece and Italy, of Phœnicia and India—a worship of the powers of nature represented by great natural objects, such as the sun and moon, or by forms bestial or human, which were selected as symbolical of their attributes. On this groundwork imagination wrought, as among the Greeks, though to a less extent and in a different way. We cannot tell how far the more reflective minds may have advanced towards the conception of a single God, either independent of or permeating the material world; but contact with the philosophic Greeks in the age of the Ptolemies can hardly have failed to lead to some speculations of this kind, and the accounts derived from Greek sources of Egyptian mysticism, though false of early, were no doubt, in part at least, true of later times. Amun or Ammon appears to have been nominally the chief of the gods. His attributes are to some extent identified with those of the sun; but they are not easily distinguished from the attributes of several subordinate deities. His ram's head is still a mystery. Thoth was the god of intellect and learning. His representatives were the ape and the ibis; the former, it is supposed, because it approaches nearest in intellect to man; the latter, because its black and white feather resemble, or may be imagined to resemble, writing. The popular divinity was Osiris, the god at once of the Nile and the realms below. Typhon, the scorching wind of the desert which dries up the waters of the Nile, was the antagonist and murderer of Osiris; and at a more advanced stage of religious speculation the two may have represented the conflicting powers of Good and Evil. Sacrifices were offered for the ordinary purposes—to conciliate the favor of the gods, to requite their benefits, and to avert their wrath. Typhonian, that is, red-haired men were immolated when they fell into the hands of the natives in honor of Osiris, whose name is concealed in that of the fabled Busiris. That the practice of offering human sacrifices is compatible with a high degree of civilization we know from the examples of Greece, of Rome, and Mexico. There were great gatherings in

honor of the gods, in the nature of pilgrimages or holy fairs, which were celebrated with festivity, with noisy music, with illuminations, and with license. There were mysteries, which were not, in Egypt at least, initiations into anything different from the popular religion; but merely representations—celebrated amidst nocturnal gloom—of the sufferings of Osiris. If strangers in Egypt underwent painful initiation, it was an initiation into the knowledge of the priests, and not into their mysteries. The Egyptians believed in the existence of the soul after death; they believed that it would be judged in Amenthe by Osiris and his forty-two assessors, before whom it was brought by Anahis; they had an Elysium, surrounded by waters, where the Osirian—that is, the happy dead—ploughed, sowed, reaped, and thrashed, as on earth—a singular want of fancy. Retributive pains, by fire and steel, are also supposed to have been detected among the paintings. At the same time they held and taught to the Greeks the doctrine of metempsychosis. It is difficult to reconcile with either of these notions their belief that the spirit dwelt in the body so long as the body could be rescued from decay, and the reason which they gave for bestowing such prodigality of labor on their sepulchres—that the tomb was man's eternal home. The darkness of uninterpreted hieroglyphics still rests to a great extent on the religious creed and practices of the Egyptians. But three things we think we can discern from the information which Mr. Kenrick has collected:—1. That the Egyptian religion was to all essential respects like the other religions of Paganism, and traceable to the same sources; and consequently that whatever may be Egypt's "place in universal history," she is not likely to assume an extraordinarily important place in the history of theology, or to affect, in any material respect, our views as to the origin of religion. 2. That no connexion is to be traced between the religion of the Egyptians and the religion of the Hebrews. A more decided polytheism than that of Egypt cannot be imagined. So far from recognising anything like the supremacy of a single Divine Being in their theological system, we can scarcely even trace anything answering to that primacy of Jupiter which preserves at least a vestige of monotheism in the religion of the Greeks. The rite of circumcision, which is supposed to have been borrowed by one nation from the other, was not practised by the Egyptians as a religious ceremony, nor upon infants, nor universally. And it is remarkable that the belief in the conscious existence of the soul and a retributive state after death—a doctrine hardly to be lost when once imparted—seems to have been so prominent in the one faith while it was so much the reverse of prominent in the other. 3. That there was no connexion between the mythology of Egypt and that of Greece. Subtract what is common to all polytheistic systems, and what is common to all systems of natural religions, and absolutely no similarity remains. On the one side are forms of human beauty, majesty, and passion, in which the original groundwork of nature worship is as much as possible concealed by the working of a plastic imagination; on the other side are forms bestial or grotesque, featureless and passionless, exhibiting nature-worship in one of its lowest stages. But in every respect, in language, in physiognomy, in mind, in political tendencies, in manners, as well as in religion, the contrariety between the Egyptian and the Athenian is complete. There is nothing on the other side except the vain pretensions of the priests of Thebes, the credulity of Hero-

dotus, and the wildest legends of the mythical age; and we are surprised that so strict an ethnologist as Mr. Kenrick should be inclined to admit even the general fact of an Egyptian colonization.

The most degrading part of the religion of the Egyptians was their animal worship, which they carried to a higher pitch than any other people, not excepting the Hindoos. Almost the whole animal and some part of the vegetable kingdom enjoyed either a national or a local sanctity. Gods, it was said, grew in the gardens. The most cogent reasons of policy and the terrible name of Rome failed to save from death the Roman who had killed a cat. Fancy had first assigned to each god his favorites or symbols among beasts or plants. Then the beasts and plants themselves were revered, and at last worshipped. Stately avenues of colossal statues, magnificent porticoes, and columned courts, ushered the awe-stricken devotee into the sacred presence of an ibis or an ape. The highest object of this superstition, the bull Apis, was regarded as an actual incarnation of Osiris. No rational account of such a system can be given. The serpent cannot have been respected for its utility. The ibis cannot have been honored as the destroyer of the sacred serpent. Nothing divine can have been perceived in the beetle or the ape. The connexion between the god and the beast was originally the offspring of a grotesque imagination, and priestcraft and the superstitious tendency of the people did the rest.

The political constitution of Egypt was based on caste. The privileged castes were those of the warriors and the priests, who, with the Pharaoh, held in fee all the land of Egypt. The Government was an hereditary monarchy. When election was necessary, the two privileged castes chose from among their own members; the people enjoyed only the right of acclamation. If the choice fell on a warrior, he was at once received into the order and initiated into the wisdom of the priests. Legislation was the prerogative of the King; but he was bound to rule and judge according to the law. He was much in the hands of the priests, who imposed strict rules upon his life, and by a daily homily made the duties and virtues of sovereignty familiar, perhaps too familiar, to the Royal ear. The priests, in fact, were the lords of Egypt. Exclusively possessed of science, and even of letters, numerous, wealthy, united in a single polity, a confined territory and an isolated people, unchecked by any literary, philosophical, or foreign influence, they must have exercised a dominion unrivalled by any priesthood in the history of the world. The result was a land of temples of deified apes and consecrated onions, a literature of religious inscriptions and funeral scrolls, a Government apparently mild and humane, an enduring polity and long internal peace, an intense and stubborn nationality, a civilization wonderful but low, which in every department, from the act of government to the art of writing, appears to have remained as nearly as possible at a fixed point for about 2,000 years. The mummy, as it is the characteristic product, is the fit emblem of ancient Egypt. Yet material happiness appears to have been enjoyed. From sports, from caricatures, from the fanciful decorations of their houses, from their use of music as a daily recreation, we should judge that the Egyptians were not a gloomy people; and that their social and political system aimed, though imperfectly, at a high standard, may be inferred from the reverence, however exaggerated, which was entertained for it by the Greeks.

Egyptian history is the "dynasties" of Manetho partly filled up and illustrated, and in time it is to be hoped to be filled up and illustrated still more from the monuments, paintings, and inscriptions. For this, with its 30 dynasties, its 20 centuries, and its chronological difficulties, still formidable though much reduced, we must refer the reader entirely to Mr. Kenrick's second volume, of which it occupies nearly the whole. The slight sketch above given intimates the contents of what will be to the general reader the more interesting part of the work. In conclusion, we once more cordially recommend the book. It displays not only the ordinary merits of a good synopsis, such as clearness of style and arrangement, but also a high power of combination, and, where the author treats of philosophical questions, a sound and sensible philosophy. On some points, perhaps, Mr. Kenrick might have spoken with more authority had he personally visited Egypt, and the imagination of his reader would be assisted by a well selected volume of plates. We are glad to see that Syria and Phœnicia are to form the subject of another publication by the same hand.

TALVI'S LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.*

THE historical portion of Mrs. Robinson's new romance is secondary to the exhibition of passion and character: but it is still essential to the story, while it lets us in behind the scenes as it were of the recent Hungarian movement, to the formative influences and agitations of the sixteenth century. The first opening passages may disturb the easy novel reader, unaccustomed to break ground among such crabbed names, or vex himself with such complex political relations as the races, nations, and families of Eastern Europe there presented. But let the novel reader go on. He will encounter no toil at the beginning which is not repaid by a rich harvest at the close—as these wars and hostilities bind the private vengeance and justice of the tale. "Human Weakness" is the sub-title of the story, and the history of the three marriages of the heroine its plot. Mary Baroczy, we prefer to call the lady after the second and best of them all, is described with a delicacy and unforced strength of expression which strike us as belonging to the best school of the true and natural in fiction. Her weakness gives way sooner, by a few pages, than the present English novelists would admit, who spin out every story to three volumes; but the result would be the same, and the character is to our eye equally distinct. There is much powerful writing in the latter scenes, particularly in the passages where a Bohemian gipsy is introduced, who draws the threads of the story naturally and closely together. The incident of the dying husband's message to his faithless wife—the mission of the napkin dipped in his blood beneath the state scaffold—partakes of the barbarian grandeur of the times. We may notice, too, the effect of remoteness, in time and different historical position, in softening and elevating the moral of this story. If told of the present day, the example would perhaps be questionable; our pity might be given at the expense of principle. Not so where the delicate flower of womanhood is crushed by the force and grim habitudes of that day and country—where crime is the fertile soil of virtue—where the wife's compensation for the injured honor of her husband is the training to nobility of the child of his mistress.

The reader will do well to procure this

* *Life's Discipline*: a Tale of the Annals of Hungary. By Talvi, author of "Heloise." Appleton & Co.

book. There is strength in it, an informing vitality which we rarely meet with. Kossanya, the gipsy mistress of the husband Emmeric, is sustained with unflinching wealth of poetic language. She is first met by the heroine in a wood near the castle, singing this

SERBIAN BALLAD.

Woe is me! whence yonder plaintive moaning?
Tolls a bell? Is't the grey cuckoo shrieking?
Lele, lele!

If a bell, 't would sound from the high tower—
From the lofty tree-top, if a cuckoo.

Lado, lado!

Is't the maiden on the mountain pathway?
Is it on her arm her darling baby?
Lele, lele!

Torn and bloody is her face so snow-white,
Swollen are her coal-black eyes, and bloody—
Lado, lado!

Bloody are her light feet, sore with walking,
And her yellow boots with blood are wetted.
Lele, lele!

"Dearest! in the white house art thou feasting?
Dearest! in the greenwood art thou hunting?
Lado, lado!

"Dearest! give me thy round-spotted mantle,
So that with it I thy boy can cover!
Lele, lele!

"Give to me thy cap so black of wolf-skin,
So that I can hide my face within it!
Lado, lado!

"With the scourge my mother drove me from
her,
'Slut! go forth and seek thy foreign sweet-
heart!"
Lele, lele!

"Now for three long years, three days and nights
too,
Dearest! I have sought through wood and
mountain!
Lado, lado!

"In the white tents with the boy I've sought
thee—
On the battle-field, among the corpses!
Lele, lele!

"Howls the storm, and my black hair has
loosened;
Dearest! in thy fair white house receive me!
Lado, lado!

"Falls the snow, and stiff with cold's my baby;
Dearest! take us in, to thy warm fireside!
Lele, lele!"

Thus delicately told is the story of the abandoned mistress; but the prose version addressed to the wife is not less elegant:—

" 'Then all is over,' she said, at length. 'Lady, I will not curse you, but I cannot bless you, either. You are white like the Holy Ghost, and beautiful as a Hourii! You needed no enchantments; it was only natural that he desired your love, for your face is shining white, like the snow on the holy mountain; your lips glow like the sun-clouds in the evening sky. But the face is not the best part of us; the heart is worth more yet. And think not that I was always as wan and haggard as I stand before you now. Kossanya was a handsome young thing when she was fourteen years old, and Emmeric Baroczy first found her washing gold on the banks of the Wallachian Aluta. Her eyes were black like the sloes out in the field, her brows like the leeches on the sea-shore, and her cheeks like the red wine at the inn. The young fellows, Christians and true believers, were all on fire for her. The Mussulmans would have burnt down a mosque, if she had told them to, and the Raizes and Magyars swore God should strike them dead if they would not swim

* *Lele*, woe.

† *Lado*, sorrow.

up the Danube to Vienna for a kiss from Kossanya's lips. But Kossanya loved only the one Christian, and no Turk, nor one of her own people. But when the army went down to the Zips Comitate, and Emmeric did not come back, nor send her any word, she scratched her face, and tore the hair from her brows, and wept herself blind, and grieved all her flesh away. Oh, Emmeric!—Emmeric! she added, weeping aloud, 'thou hast murdered my beauty! oh, Emmeric! thou hast broken my heart! May the holy angels forgive thee! Of me thou shalt hear nothing more, but the poor boy here shall be a Turk!'

The moral of the story is expressed in words grave and sympathetic:—"It is not without a certain aim that this tale has been carried on, so far, step for step, and that the author has, perhaps, paused longest at points which seemed of the least importance. For not the actions themselves are what gives worth to man, or takes it from him; what should gain him our approbation or draw upon him our contempt. Only when we have learned to know well the way which the soul has taken before it arrived at its aim, the deed; only when we are aware what outward powers have influenced the formation of the inward resolution, what seed education, and early, powerful circumstances have strown in each human heart, and in what degree Providence has made it susceptible for such seed; then only may we judge, admire and approve, excuse or condemn."

The Camp-Fires of the Revolution; or, the War of Independence. Illustrated by Thrilling Events and Stories by the old Continental Soldiers. By Henry C. Watson. With original illustrations by Croome. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A well chosen selection of incidents has been made in this volume, which follows in the popular sequence of Headley and others, under a happy classification, to attract the attention. The Camp-Fires of the Revolution, from Dorchester to Charleston and the Santee, are presented in general description, when the soldiers of the encampment strike in with their vernacular to tell various stories of the events of the war, which may be thus grouped together. The design is novel, and the execution "rough and ready." The woodcuts, vignette, and the mounted General Washington in gold leaf on the cover, are well adapted to aid the general purpose of the volume.

Manual of Modern Geography and History. By Wilhelm Putz. Appleton & Co.—A completion of the series of these excellently-prepared Manuals, the author a working man in a German gymnasium, bringing to his task the well known accomplishments of his countrymen, method, classification, and research, in these departments. The previous volumes were a Manual of Ancient Geography and History, and a Handbook of Medieval Geography and History. The new volume is written up to the present year, and has the advantage of revision and additions in the American portion. It includes, too, with political history, a sufficient reference to contemporary science, literature, and art.

First Lessons in Composition. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M., Rector of Henry Street Grammar School, New York. Appleton & Co.—A well designed, useful first book for young pupils, introducing them naturally and simply, by an easy process of synthesis, to the grammatical construction, and ending with practice and examples in the methods of composition. It is of a direct, practical character, and is well worthy of introduction among elementary studies.

Malleville. A Franconian Story. By the Author of the Rollo Books. Harpers.—The first of a new series of tales by Jacob Abbott, written with a tact and sagacity which have been often exhibited by the author in this popular service of the young. Franconia is in New Hampshire, and

the season of American rural incidents is introduced, with a pleasing variety of juvenile personages, who are to figure in succeeding volumes.

Extraordinary Popular Delusions. By Charles Mackay. 2 vols. Lindsay & Blackiston.—A new edition of a very readable book already noticed (Lit. World, No. 170) in our pages.

Iconographic Encyclopædia. Parts 15, 16.—The plates of this portion of the work illustrate military training and exercises, the machinery and art of war, fortification and engineering; gymnastics; insignia of nobility, orders, crosses, &c.; with a series of ship-building. The letter-press is brought down to those portions of vols. 2 and 3 devoted to Natural History and Ethnology.

A NEW Map, compiled by Dr. Ed. Autenreith, of New Orleans, from the best Spanish authorities, of the Isthmus of Panama and Darien, has just appeared. It is of large size, and executed with great beauty and clearness on stone by J. S. Schedler. It exhibits the soundings of the explored gulf and bays, the line of Messrs. Aspinwall's proposed Panama railway, the Nicaragua route; a separate plan of the city and bay of Panama, with minute topographical detail, and another of the road from Chagres to Panama, by H. Tiedemann, Civil Engineer.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE new number of the *Edinburgh Review* has a candid discussion of the men and opinions of Lord Holland's Reminiscences, opening with this tribute to the society which met at Holland House:—"We remember with delight the distinguished persons who frequented that brilliant circle, rendering Holland House European, though not on that account less English. Yet even when that circle included such men as Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Guizot, de Broglie, Alava, Washington Irving, Everett, Arguelles, Czartoryski, together with those who were most illustrious in the annals of our home politics, and in science, literature, and professional eminence, it was still Lord Holland,—with his frank greeting, his gracious and benignant smile, his free and cheerful courtesy, his ready wit and eager gush of conversation, which made the real centre of attraction, bringing together, and, what is more difficult, keeping together, all that was most agreeable and most distinguished in the society of London and of the principal European capitals."

Another melancholy item is to be added to the infirmities of American authorship. The *Wilmington (Delaware) Gazette*, states that Professor Ansley, a young man of fine acquirements, whose classical attainments are well attested in a work entitled "Elements of Literature; or, an Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," published in 1849, by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, died in that city a few days since, after being found in an almost frozen condition in an old hovel, with a bottle of whiskey by his side. He recently held the position of Professor in St. Mary's College at Wilmington, from which he was removed on account of his inebriate habits. He continued, however, his course of dissipation, until he was reduced to a condition of utter destitution—houseless and homeless, friendless and penniless—he was driven to the extreme of starvation, wandering about, seeking shelter wherever chance directed him. The book alluded to, an excellent one of its peculiar school, was noticed in the *Literary World*, No. 125, of June 23, 1849. When we read such records, we think more of the ills of poverty working on the susceptible, overwrought temperament, and the peculiar situation of the American author, than on the errors of the individual. The first step may be the fault of the man, but society generally gives the last kick.

There is nothing very novel in the following paragraphs from the *London Critic*, describing certain literary soirées of that metropolis, but as a picture of a large amount of social enjoyment at very little cost, the achievement of a social problem—free intercourse between persons of un-

equal fortunes with the perfect preservation of independence—it is worth presenting. The custom, too, is growing in New York. There are several of these reunions this winter, in this city, of literary, scientific, and other gregarious celebrities, which have proved very attractive, and the number of which might be increased with pleasure and profit:—"The society of the literary world of London is conducted after this wise. There are certain persons, for the most part authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition of a few who can only pride themselves upon being the patrons of literature and art, who hold periodical assemblies of the notables. Some appoint a certain evening in every week during the season, a general invitation to which is given to the favored; others are monthly; and others, again, at no regular intervals. At these gatherings the amusements are conversation and music only, and the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, consisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus handed about in the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and wine at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by common consent, for costliness would speedily put an end to society to be sacrificed to fashion. The company meets usually between eight and nine o'clock, and always parts at midnight. I believe that these are the only social circles in London in which inexpensiveness is the rule, and hence, perhaps, it is that they are the most frequent, the most social, and the most agreeable. At these parties there is always an amusing and singular character. The only recognised test of admission is talent. If a person be remarkable for any talent, no matter what his station in life, here he is welcome. The question always asked in the literary circles of London is, not as in other circles, 'What is he?' but, 'Who is he?' Authors, artists, editors, musicians, scientific men, actors and singers, male and female, are grouped together indiscriminately, and peers, baronets, knights, lawyers, doctors, booksellers, printers, provided they possess the qualification of being authors, artists, or musicians, or be renowned as patrons of literature, art, or music, here meet together in temporary social equality, but regulated by so much good sense, that it does not lead to familiarity elsewhere.

"The rooms in which these assemblies are held vary in size and splendor, from the vast and magnificent saloons of the noblemen to the plain and humble drawing-room of an unfashionable street. But both are enjoyed equally, nor does there appear to be a preference. I have seen the modest residence of Mrs. Loudon, in Porchester terrace, filled with persons as famous as are to be found in the mansion of Sir T. N. Talfourd, in Russell square. The truth is, that the visitors of this class go to see and be seen, to talk and be talked to; for the pleasure of meeting persons, and not for show, or to eat and drink, as at the 'ball and supper,' which is the established formula of entertainment with the other circles of London society. But other objects of interest are not omitted. There is always good music, vocal and instrumental, because some of the distinguished vocalists of the time are always among the assembly, and always ready to assist in the mutual entertainment. Artists are invited to bring their portfolios with them; the newest books, engravings, and illustrated works lie upon the tables. Of conversation there is no lack. Among the *habitués* of this society there are some eminent talkers, who always gather round them a knot of attentive listeners, and if the rooms are large you will see several of these circles dotted about, each indicating some personage of note for its centre."

"The Australian papers," says the *London Athenæum*, "are beginning to ask the question—where is Dr. Leichhardt? The time has already elapsed, according to his own estimate, when he should have been heard of at the end of a successful journey. Three years have passed since he undertook his task of exploring an unknown part of the great Australian continent,—two years since he was heard of last. He had then returned three hundred miles to the last station on the frontier for

the purpose of describing the beauty and fertility of the country through which he and his companions had passed, saying in justification of the proceeding, that he feared he might never return from his great journey, and was anxious that the knowledge which he had already gained should not be lost. He departed again, in high spirits, into the pathless wilderness, and has never since been heard of or seen."

Among the new publications advertised in Paris, is a book entitled *Love Letters (Lettres d'Amour)*. The author, M. Julien Lemer, has had the curious idea of collecting into one volume the most celebrated love letters, the *chefs d'œuvre* of tender correspondence, a style of composition in which France has always been pre-eminent. Héloïse, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mad'le de l'Espinasse, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, of course, hold their places; but what is more surprising is that we are told that contemporary writers, Béranger, P. L. Courier, Jules Sandeau, and Arsène Houssaye, will contribute to the work. The advertisement is so ambiguously worded as to induce the belief that the letters of those gentlemen were written in their individual capacities.

A Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* furnishes an anecdote of the bookseller's counter apropos to the recent holiday sales in that city:—"Among the reminiscences called up by the late Christmas festivities, is an incident which occurred a few years ago in the book shop of Gosselin & Co., famous for the elegance and richness of their bindings. It appears that in this shop were two superb copies of Victor Hugo's *Orientales*, which had excited the longings of a young artist, a friend of M. Gosselin, who frequently came into the shop and amused himself with admiring these beautiful books, which were marked at 150 francs each, and were thus, alas! quite out of reach of the slender resources of an artist's purse. One evening, just before New-Year's, the young man was in the shop, admiring, as usual, the splendid books, when a young lady, simply but richly dressed, and followed by a servant, entered, and addressing herself to the young man, whom she mistook for the master of the shop, said to him, 'I wish to find some very elegant book; something very choice and beautiful, and, if possible, a little out of the common way; and I shall be glad, Monsieur, if you can aid me in finding what I want.' The young man bowed, and replied that he had precisely such a work as she described, and immediately displayed one of the two beautiful volumes on which his heart was set. The young lady, delighted with the book, inquired its price. 'Three hundred francs,' replied the artist. The young lady took fifteen louis d'or out of her purse, laid them on the counter, and desiring that the book might be sent to her without delay, left the shop. The artist then turning to the astonished bookseller quietly remarked, 'You perceive, *mon cher*, that I have a decided genius for trade; here is the price of both the copies; the second, therefore, belongs to me; and handing over the louis d'or, he took possession of the long-coveted volume. The young lady was the Princess Marie, so much beloved and so much regretted."

The following may be a fact or a Parisian joke. It deserves to be true, however, and is an excellent precedent for rich men—who read: "It is said here (in Paris) that M. Leon Gozlan, a popular writer of novels, novelettes, and plays, was pleasantly surprised the other day by a note from Mr. Rives, informing him that a sum of several thousand francs had been bequeathed to him by John McDonough of New Orleans, and that the money was in Mr. R.'s hands. It seems that the eccentric intestate had been pleased with one of Mr. Gozlan's novels, and took this agreeable way of testifying his admiration."

It surely is not impossible that to some infinitely superior being the whole universe may be as one plain, the distance between planet and planet being only as the pores in a grain of sand, and the spaces between system and system no greater than the intervals between one grain and the grain adjacent.—*COLERIDGE*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 1, 1850.

Eds. Lit. World.

WHEN Oehlenschläger died, Denmark lost at once a Goethe and a Schiller; for this rare man united the characteristics of both. He had all the warmth, all the kind humanity which make us love the younger German, and at the same time, all the grandeur of conception and execution which compel us to admire the works of the minister of Weimar. But he had the misfortune to write in a circumscribed language; a language, too, which has little of the copious and varied inflection, little of the poetic capacity and pliancy of the Teutonic tongue. True, most or all of his works were a German as well as a Danish dress; but men who write in a foreign idiom, however learned or labored their efforts may be, always want the freedom which gives life to a poem, or the conciseness which recommends a prose essay. So with the Dane: his German plays are but poor fruit from the tree which produced the corresponding Danish dramas.

Since his death, his autobiography, revised of late years by himself, has appeared in a trio of moderate-sized octavos. This work shadows forth with a simplicity and modesty rarely seen in such publications, the birth and development of that æsthetic spirit which, during a long life of letters, produced so many dramatic, lyrical, and romantic works. Outside the author's own existence the book is of interest, as it contains acute analyses of the characters and labors of the chief personages who have appeared during the last half century upon the literary stages of Germany and the north.

A work somewhat similar in its scope to the above, and which is now in course of publication, is Prof. A. S. Oersted's "History of my Life and Times." The author, who is hardly less distinguished for his legal lore than his brother, Dr. H. C. Oersted, is for his scientific knowledge, has had the fortune to have witnessed many important political changes in Denmark and the neighboring nations, and to have known the actors in them; and he discusses both men and events philosophically. He notes the effects of the French revolution and of German ethics upon Northern development, and gives a true and lively portraiture of Scandinavian society and politics. Both he and his brother yet live. The latter celebrated the other day the semi-centennial anniversary of his accession to his professorship, at which time the King, the University, and the people, testified their high respect for the man who has so honored them, himself, and science, by his studies.

I have seen to-day another biographical work, bearing the date of the new year, and entitled "Thorvaldsen's Ungdoms Historie;" or, *The Story of Thorvaldsen's Youth*. The great sculptor's younger days, that most piquant part of an artist's life, have hitherto been but little known; but at length J. M. Thiele, aided by an enthusiastic love for his subject, and an untiring patience and perseverance, has brought before us the sculptor's boyhood and youth. Thiele, who was sent to Rome by the Danish government after the artist's death, found in his rooms, among the piles of rubbish which so easily accumulate in a large studio, a mass of old correspondence and manuscript, which the owner had thrown carelessly about, partly into old articles of furniture, partly in the cellar among unfinished busts and useless marbles. These have been arranged and connected together by their discoverer with the same care and elegance which mark his other notices of Thorvaldsen; and in

this form we have them in the present volume.

In connexion with this, I cannot avoid mentioning that a gentleman of your city has purchased a copy, by Thorvaldsen himself, of his *Ganymede Feeding the Eagle of Jove*, and a set of beautiful and accurate casts of the celebrated statues of *Christ and the Apostles*. Both these works, I learn, are to be shipped for America in the Spring. I earnestly hope that the latter, at least, will be placed where my countrymen can see them, as they are faithful representations—as far as plaster can represent marble—of the artist's noblest and most beautiful creation.

Glowing accounts—the wares of the American press re-cast in English moulds—of Jenny Lind's progress in the Western world, reach us. These are copied with pride by the Northern journals, who look upon the warm reception which the warbler has met with among you as a matter of course. Just now, moreover, all sorts of Californian rumors are in circulation, to the effect that enormous sums have been received by her bankers in Stockholm—the results of her heavy drafts upon American enthusiasm and Yankee curiosity, which have been duly honored. One account states the amount at 400,000 dollars banco.

The song-sovereign's visit may draw attention to the land which produces such prodigies, and lead at length to the investigation and elucidation, by American scholars, of those wonderful treasures, now lying half-hidden by their own accumulations,—the Literature and History of Scandinavia.

D. W. F.

THE LAUREATE.

BY A ——— T ———.

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,

And nothing to do but pocket his gold!

'Tis I would be the Laureate bold!

When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord,
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds, as listless as I,

Lazily, lazily!

And I'd pick the moss, and daisies white,
And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite;
And I'd let my fancies roam abroad
In search of a hint for a birthday ode,
Crazily, crazily!

Oh, that would be the life for me;
With plenty to get, and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,

Trance-somely, trance-somely!

Then the chambermaids that clean the rooms,
Would come to the windows and rest on their
brooms,

With their saucy caps and their crisped hair,
And they'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
And say to each other, "Just look down there,
At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
Handsomely, handsomely!"

They would pelt me with matches and sweet pastilles,

And crumpled up balls of the royal bills,
Giggling and laughing, and screaming with fun,
As they'd see me start, with a leap and a run,
From the broad of my back to the points of my
toes,

When a pellet of paper hit my nose,
Teasingly, sneezingly!

Then I'd fling them bunches of garden flowers,
And hyacinths plucked from the Castle bowers;
And I'd challenge them all to come down to me,
And I'd kiss them all till they kissed me,
Laughingly, laughingly!

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
Apart from care, and apart from strife,
With the Laureate's wine, and the Laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day?
Oh, that would be the post for me!
With plenty to get and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkably few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two,
Quaffingly, quaffingly!

'Tis I would be

The Laureate bold,
With my butt of sherry,
To keep me merry,

And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads.

MR. TITMARSH'S RECOGNITION OF THE BROADWAY SWELL IN EUROPE.

[From THACKERAY'S new story, the "Kickleburys on the Rhine."]

"AMONG the travellers in Europe who are daily multiplying in numbers and increasing in splendor, the United States' dandies must not be omitted. They seem as rich as the Milar of old days; they crowd in European capitals, they have elbowed out people of the old country from many hotels which we used to frequent; they adopt the French fashion of dressing rather than ours; and they grow handsomer beards than English beards; as some plants are found to flourish and shoot up prodigiously when introduced into a new soil. The ladies seem to be as well dressed as Parisians and as handsome [small compliment that last, Mr. Titmarsh], though somewhat more delicate perhaps, than the native English roses. They drive the finest carriages, they keep the grandest houses, they frequent the grandest company—and in a word, the Broadway Swell has now taken his station and asserted his dignity amongst the grandes of Europe. He is fond of asking Count Reineck to dinner, and Gräfin Laura will condescend to look kindly upon a gentleman who has millions of dollars. Here comes a pair of New Yorkers. Behold their elegant curling beards, their velvet coats, their delicate primrose gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, and the aristocratic beauty of their boots. Why, if you had sixteen quarters you could not have smaller feet than those, and if you were descended from a line of kings you could not smoke better or bigger cigars.

Lady Kicklebury deigns to think very well of these young men since she has seen them in the company of grandes and heard how rich they are. "Who is that very stylish-looking woman to whom Mr. Washington Walker spoke just now?" she asks of Kicklebury.

Kicklebury gives a twinkl of his eye. "Oh, that, mother! that is Madame La Princesse de Magador—it's a French title."

BOSTON AND BRUSSELS COMPARED.

[From "Across the Atlantic;" Sketches of a Summer Tour by an Englishman, just published in London.]

I SHALL, however, take the liberty of remarking that my walks through the streets of Boston exhibited to me a town rather different from what I had expected. I had looked for a Liverpool or a Manchester; I found a city which appeared to me to possess a strong infusion of Brussels. I know the prevailing idea of tourists is that Boston is more like an

English town than any other in the States. There seemed to me, however, to be a union of the British and Continental in its exterior aspect; an idea which was, perhaps, fostered by the blue cloudless sky above, and the heat of the atmosphere around, as well as the bright clean aspect of the houses—three features which would not immediately, or of themselves, recall London or Liverpool to the mind. Moreover, the construction of the houses, in some few of the streets, reminds you of France rather than England. So do the green blinds to the windows. So does the way in which the names are written up on their shops—stores they call them here—which, being inscribed with gold letters on black boards, and hanging about the windows in all directions (for there is usually a separate business carried on in each story), gives a most picturesque appearance to the houses. So do the awnings in the streets, shading you from the mid-day sun. So do the trees, planted in rows on each side of the way, recalling the Boulevard as it was before the revival of patriotism. So do the forms of the carriages and omnibuses, and the glazed hats of the drivers, and the trappings of the horses, and the horses themselves. So, above all, do the dresses of the inhabitants, which are copied strictly from the latest Parisian fashions: the men with their straw hats, low-waisted coats, and baggy trousers, and, in many cases, beards and mustachios, ill-adapted (it appears to me) to the Anglo-Saxon face; the ladies with all those indescribable beauties of French *coiffure*, *chaussure*, and *tournure*, which the male sex are not to criticize, but only to admire and to pay for; the children habited as French children generally are; the workmen with their blue blouses and fat blue trousers, just for all the world reminding you of the workmen's *Quartier*. Verily, if an Englishman were transported to certain parts of Boston, he might for a moment or two fancy himself in a French or German town.

He would soon be undeceived, too. Firstly, by the cleanliness of everything around him. Secondly, when he came to walk a little further on, by the sight of a good substantial row of red brick houses, banishing from his mind all recollections of continental cities, and replacing them by certain points of view in the outskirts of his own metropolis. Through the half-opened windows of these, the private residences of opulent citizens, he would catch glimpses of neatness, of comfort, and of luxury, which would be fraught with a sensation of Baker Street and the purlieus of the Regent's Park. Open casements would reveal glances of bright mirrors covered with gauze, and chandeliers encased in brown holland, and processions of naked nymphs on the ceiling, and valuable gilt picture frames containing highly-colored ancestors, with flowers of every hue perfuming the air outside from newly-painted balconies. From those abodes, which are not shut up, ravishing female faces would be thrust out, and too soon drawn back again; and even those where the shutters are tightly closed, reflect back a certain sense of snugness and opulence, the supposition being that the families occupying them are, by this time—trying to persuade themselves that they would not rather be at home—at some watering-place.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

This last week at the Opera House opened with the appearance of Signorina Parodi as Roula in *Le Barbier*, supported by Signorina

A. Patti, Signori Lorini, Sanquirico, and Benvenuto. This exquisite music must have delighted and refreshed all its hearers by its sparkle and brilliancy. As a test of Signorina Parodi's comic powers it may be called successful, though by no means startlingly so. This lady's feeling and genius lead her more strongly to tragedy, for which also her appearance is more adapted. Nevertheless she sang brilliantly: the *Una Voce* is one of her best efforts; not so, in our idea, is her version of *Di Tanti Palpit*, which she gave in the Singing Lesson. We have before remarked that her ornaments are forced and strained in this air, and, well as it suits her voice, we would prefer to hear her sing anything else. The other performers acquitted themselves well, and the whole formed a charming evening for the lovers of Rossini.

Thursday evening saw the house almost deserted, for the benefit of Signorina Amalia Patti. The programme comprised scenes from Norma, Signorina Parodi; an act from Gemma di Vergy; and one from Marino Faliero. In these last Signora Barili Patti appeared. One would have thought this attraction sufficient; but the public thought otherwise, and we fear the *beneficiare* has not much cause to thank its generosity. La Favorita was represented on Friday; and Lucrezia Borgia is announced for Monday.

The plans for the new Opera House seem to be taking more consistency; in other words, everything is arranged but—the money. This important item seems to depend upon the sympathy or speculation of the wealthy, many of whom having shares in the present Opera House, will not be likely to join in another similar undertaking. Nevertheless, nothing, we believe, is denied to American enterprise; so before long we may see this monstrous building in full progress. Its success afterwards, as an Opera House, is a matter we very much doubt.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

We have various polkas and songs from W. Hall & Son, to which we would call the attention of the musical world.

The "Grande Polka de Concert," by W. V. Wallace, is one of some pretension, and, with all this composer's grace, combines almost a study in octaves which will suit some pianoforte-players.

"Barnum's Polka" and "The Very Last Polka," the first by Theodore Eisfeld, the latter by F. Bernard, are both good, and may be classed among the best that have been produced this season.

"The Firemen's Polka," by William Dressler, will please by its animation and character.

"The Champagne Schottisch," also by the same composer, is one of the best we have seen, and should become popular from its freshness of melody.

In vocal music, we must notice Wallace's Romance, "The Gipsy Maid," composed for Madlle. Jenny Lind. It is a bravura song of some little difficulty for a soprano voice; the brilliancy of effect, however, would repay study; moreover, the words are well set and will sing easily, a matter too often neglected.

"The Star of Jove," a Serenade, by the same author, composed to words by G. P. Morris, is almost a reminiscence of his opera of Maritana, but a very agreeable one. The melody flows well, and is adapted to the compass of ordinary voices. "The Esill to his Sister," also by Wallace, is a more simple air.

"The Lily Bello," written and composed by Miss B. L. Smith, is a graceful little melody, that is likely to prove attractive. All these publications of W. Hall & Son, are remarkable for their clearness of type and neatness of appearance.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

The *Albion* newspaper has just presented its readers with a large sized line engraving by Burt, as the annual print for the new year. The subject is St. Paul's Cathedral, which is executed with force and accuracy; and will, no doubt, prove thoroughly acceptable to the supporters of that journal as one of the time-honored landmarks of the Great Metropolis, and of the World. We may remark, that no journal better keeps along the "even tenor of its way" than our friend the *Albion*. It has a specialty of its own—the English interest in America—which it feels to be strong enough to be maintained with proper respect and courtesy for all others. We have met the editor, Mr. Young, in these columns within the year in the independent capacity of translator of Beranger—an indication of the direction of his sympathies, in the abundant literary supply, from his own pen and the foreign magazines, of his weekly journal, which is far from being superseded by the capacious reprints of the day.

The manifold labor of Prof. Hows in connexion with the dramatic interest in this city, awakens expectation whenever he is announced for a public appearance in any character. As an elocutionist he is well known, and, accordingly, to the first lecture of his course of "Shakspearian Readings," an intelligent and appreciative audience assembled at Stuyvesant Institute on Tuesday evening of last week. The subject was "Macbeth," and familiar as we are with that story, the zeal with which the reader pursued it in all its movements of character and situation—as if he were in reality reading for life or death—riveted the attention of the company. In change of tone, suited to the changing persons of the scene, the Professor showed a remarkable power of assumption; and in many of the bolder passages he charged home upon the audience with a spirit and energy which, in the theatre, would have inevitably brought down the house. From the well known notions of Prof. Hows on the subject of elocution, we would have preferred to hear him in one of the more familiar and colloquial plays; an opportunity we hope to enjoy during the course; remarking, meanwhile, that of all the readers of Shakspeare who have presented themselves to our community, Prof. Hows may claim an equal share of diligence and enthusiasm with the best of them. The future readings will be given on Wednesday instead of Thursday evenings. The next topic is "Hamlet," for the 19th inst.

The *Republic* has a sketch of Mr. Clay as he appeared in the House of Representatives on occasion of the recent funeral of a member of Congress:—"The Senate of the United States was then announced, and, as all present arose, its members passed up the aisle and took the seats assigned them, the Vice President taking his place at the Speaker's left. Mr. Clay was not in this procession, but had entered the house alone, and taken his seat immediately in front of the Speaker. He did not remove his blue cloth cloak, but remained well wrapped up and unvarying in his position. We had never before seen him look so much like an old, old man. The damp and gloomy day had perhaps conspired with the passing scene to depress him; or it may be that he was not in health. We do not know; but sure we are that, from his appearance, no one would believe his voice could be even audible in the Senate, much less that, by the power of his eloquence, he could control or influence its deliberations. His face shrunken and shrivelled, his eyes lustreless and heavy, his mouth in repose only when open and expressionless, he seemed to have so long since passed into the 'lean and slippered pantaloon,' as to be no longer suited to the ardent encounters of the Senate. And yet, with a few rays of sunshine upon his brow and upon his heart, how he can be himself again, old only in years!"

It will be seen from the following paragraph, from the correspondence of the Savannah Repub-

lican, under date of Key West, January 22, that Professor Agassiz is prosecuting his scientific inquiries in the Gulf of Mexico, in connexion with a party engaged on the Coast Survey:

Professor Agassiz, the great naturalist, arrived here in the steamer of the 17th. He is attached to the Coast Survey nominally, we understand. His object is to make an investigation of the Florida reefs and keys, a subject of great interest to the scientific and commercial world. These keys and reefs are continually increasing in number and size. The causes of their formation and their destiny, the keys having as yet just emerged from the water, and the reefs being placed along the edge of the Gulf Stream, the great commercial highway to the Gulf of Mexico, are matters to awaken the attention both of the theoretical and practical inquirer. The high reputation of the Professor leads to the expectation that his labors will give light and knowledge upon this yet comparatively untrod field of science.

Passengers by the steamer Isabel of the 17th:—Prof. Agassiz and son, Count Portales, Drs. Jones and LeConte, Messrs. Mason and Adams, of the Coast Survey, and Gen. Totten, U. S. A.

The leading cities of the United States rate thus, under the new census, as to population:—

	1850.	1860.
New York,	517,000	312,000
Philadelphia,	409,000	248,000
Baltimore,	169,000	102,000
New Orleans,	145,000	102,000
Boston,	135,000	93,000
Cincinnati,	116,000	46,000
Brooklyn,	96,000	36,000
Pittsburgh,	83,000	40,000
St. Louis,	81,000	16,000
Louisville, Buffalo, and Washington are about 42,000.		

A letter has been received from Mr. Layard, dated Bagdad, Nov. 20, 1850, in which, speaking of the sculptures he is sending to the University of Oxford, he says:—"The sculptures unfortunately were on the same raft with one of the lions, which was wrecked between this place and Burrah, and above a month elapsing before their recovery, they were too late for the vessel by which I had hoped to forward them to England. They have since, therefore, remained at Burrah with the rest of the antiquities; but I hope to ship them next month, and it is probable they may be with you in the spring." Mr. Layard also regrets that "the sculptures which ought to have been shipped two years ago are still lying on the beach at Burrah, and have suffered irreparable injury." He further says:—"I have now deserted Nineveh for the time for Babylon, but have not actually commenced excavations, being without the necessary documents from the Porte, and the country around Bagdad being in an unexampled state of confusion and disorder. In fact, scarcely any one can leave the gates without a good chance of having his throat cut, or making a triumphal re-entry in his shirt."

It appears, from a statistical account, that 65 physicians have died in Paris since the 1st of January, 1849. Paris contains at present 1,051 physicians and surgeons. In 1849, there were 1,389, of whom 86 have since left Paris. Of these 12 have emigrated to California. Among the deceased are the celebrated names of Allard, Baron, Blainville, Blandin, Bourguery, Capuron, Fouquier, Marjolin, Mojon, and Prus. There are now in Paris, besides physicians and surgeons, 178 *officiers de santé*, 381 apothecaries, and 330 midwives. The *arrondissement* of St. Denis alone contains 111 physicians and surgeons, and 37 *officiers de santé*. That of Sceaux, 49 physicians and surgeons, and 20 *officiers de santé*, forming a total of 2,457 persons belonging to the medical profession in the whole department of the Seine, not including apothecaries and midwives. During the year 1850, the faculty of Paris received 236 new candidates for the diploma of doctor in medicine.

Dr. Branson, of Sheffield, has communicated to the *Athenaeum* the following new method of producing plates for printing ferns, sea weeds, &c.:

"A piece of gutta percha, free from blemish, and the size of the plate required, is placed in boiling water; when thoroughly softened, it is to be taken out and laid flat upon a smooth metal plate, and immediately dusted over with the finest bronze powder used for printing gold letters. The object of this is threefold:—to dry the surface, to render the surface more smooth, and to prevent adhesion. The plant is then to be neatly laid out upon the bronze surface, and covered with a polished metal plate, either of copper or of German silver. The whole is then to be subjected to an amount of pressure sufficient to imbed the upper plate in the gutta percha. When the gutta percha is cold, the metal plate may be removed, and the fern gently withdrawn from its bed. From the beautiful impression of the fern left in the gutta percha, a cast in brass may be readily taken. As soon as the surface of the brass cast has been burnished, of course carefully avoiding the impression, it is ready for the copperplate printer. If the printer skillfully mixes the ink to the tint of the fern, a print is obtained scarcely to be distinguished from the plant itself. The novelty of the process consists in causing the plant, so to speak, to engrave itself, and also in the substitution of a cheap casting in brass for an expensive copperplate engraving. Electrotypes plates may be deposited on the bronzed gutta percha, and a similar result obtained; but I have found the brass casting to answer equally well, and it has the advantage of being more durable, cheaper, and more expeditious."

A discovery of a valuable lead mine has just been made near Dubuque, Iowa, which is described in a letter in the newspapers, as follows:—"The shaft enters a large cave, from twelve to fifteen feet high, and almost completely covered with mineral. There is one piece, lying along the north wall, forty-eight feet long, and, without exaggeration, I would say that it is three feet square. On the north side, at the top, there is one of the finest sights I ever saw. There is an immense body in square blocks, eight or nine inches square. This cave is eighteen hundred feet long, but the mineral does not show in the entire length. There is one more place which I must speak of. There are two sheets hanging down from the cap, about six feet ten or twelve inches thick, and sixty feet long. They are as white as snow. The cave is about fifteen feet wide, and in most places is completely covered, bottom and top, with the precious stuff. I think we can take out one thousand dollars' worth a day for twenty days in succession."

The *United Service Journal* inserts a clever sketch, from a correspondent, of the personnel of her Majesty's general officers:—"I came up to London a few days ago, where I am a perfect stranger. A military friend kindly undertook to show me the sights; and, amongst others, took me to a very handsome building in Waterloo-place, which I have since learnt is the United Service Club. The building is handsome, rooms lofty, and well decorated; but I was surprised to see that all the occupants were very old gentlemen, grey or bald, all complaining of something or other: the greater part were sitting round the fire, but some were trying to walk up and down the room, and others, with trumpets to their ears, trying to hear what their neighbors were saying. I said to my friend, 'Is this an asylum for infirm gentlemen?' He laughed, and replied, 'This is the celebrated United Service Club, and all those you see are generals and colonels, the greater part anxiously looking for employment. You see that gentleman trying to walk across the room, he was disappointed at not getting the Bombay command; and that with the severe asthmatic cough is looking for North America.' 'Good God!' I said; 'is it possible that it is to these the commander-in-chief has to look for officers to command our colonies? Are these the leaders of the justly-celebrated British army? In two years there will not be one to tell the tale of battles won.' My friend said, 'You are not aware, perhaps, though the Scripture says that threescore years and ten shall be the age of man, that, by the mili-

tary code, four-score years and ten is the age of a military man, this additional score being granted in lieu of promotion, &c., it being no expense to the state; so that a military man at seventy is virtually only fifty, although old Time will not be dictated to, and will set his mark of grey and bald heads, and, however, that does not signify.' I admitted it was a very good arrangement and a very great privilege."

VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

TALLEYRAND'S BON-MOTS.—"Il faut avoir aimé Mme. de Staël pour connoître tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête," was a saying of his much quoted at Paris at that time, in explanation of his passion for Mme. Grand, who certainly did not win him or any one else by the fascination of her wit or conversation. For thirty or forty years, the bon-mots of M. de Talleyrand were more frequently repeated and more generally admired than those of any living man. The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and suavity of manner, with archness and sagacity of thought, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted almost as much as they could mortify even their immediate objects. His humorous reproof to a gentleman vaunting with self-complacency the extreme beauty of his mother, and apparently implying that it might account for advantages in person in her descendants, is well known: "C'était donc," said he, "Monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien." The following is more recent, but the humor of it hardly less arch or less refined. The celebrity of M. de Chateaubriand, the vainest of mortals, was on the wane. About the same time, it happened to be casually mentioned in conversation that Chateaubriand was affected with deafness, and complained bitterly of that infirmity. "Je comprends," said Talleyrand; "depuis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui, il se croit sourd."—*Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.*

We may add two anecdotes of Talleyrand from memory, which we are not quite certain to have seen in print. The name of a man of rank in France, who, before the Restoration, had taken great pride in his relationship to Napoleon, being mentioned in society, some one present asked whether he was really a kinsman of the Emperor? "Autrefois, oui; à présent, non!" was the significant reply. The following originated in a *London salon*. An attractive lady of rank having made some ineffectual attempts to engage Talleyrand in conversation, as a last effort required his opinion of her gown. He opened his eyes, surveyed his handsome questioner from her bust to her ankles, and then examining the robe in question, observed, with entire gravity, "Madame, elle commence trop tard, et elle finit trop tôt."—*Edinburgh Review for Jan.*

The vanity of Mirabeau exposed him, it is said, to a droll reproof. At some important political crisis he was descending in society on the qualities requisite in a minister to extricate the crown, the assembly, and the nation, from the difficulties in which they were involved, viz. great knowledge, great genius, acquaintance and perhaps connexion with the upper ranks, some common feelings with the lower classes, a power of speaking and of writing eloquently and readily, familiarity with the world, the popularity of a martyr from recent prosecution, and many others, which it was obvious enough that he thought were united in himself. "All this is true," said a friend, "but you have omitted one of his qualities." "No—surely!—what do you mean?" "Should he not," replied the same sarcastic friend, "be very much pitted with the small-pox?"—(*Holland's Reminiscences.*)

When Brutus asked Julius Cæsar how many veal cutlets he had eaten that morning for breakfast, what was his reply? "Et tu Brutus."

A COMIC STORY.—In reply to G.'s inquiry (vol. ii. p. 89) as to a comic story about one *Sir Gammer Vans*, I have pleasure in communicating what little information I have on the subject. Some years ago, when I was quite a boy, the story was told me by an Irish clergyman, since deceased. He spoke of it as an old Irish tradition, but did not give his authority for saying so. The story, as he gave it, contained no allusion to an "aunt" or "mother." I do not know whether it will be worthy of publication; but here it is, and you can make what use of it you like:—"Last Sunday morning at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat, I met two men on horseback riding on one mare: so I asked them, 'Could they tell me whether the little old woman was dead yet, who was hanged last Saturday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers?' They said they could not positively inform me, but if I went to Sir Gammer Vans he could tell me all about it.' 'But how am I to know the house?' said I. 'Ho, 'tis easy enough,' said they, 'for it's a brick house, built entirely of flints, standing alone by itself in the middle of sixty or seventy others just like it.' 'Oh, nothing in the world is easier,' said I. 'Nothing can be easier,' said they: so I went on my way. Now this Sir G. Vans was a giant, and bottle-maker. And as all giants, who are bottle-makers, usually pop out of a little thumb bottle from behind the door, so did Sir G. Vans. 'How d'ye do?' says he. 'Very well, I thank you,' says I. 'Have some breakfast with me?' 'With all my heart,' says I. So he gave me a slice of beer, and a cup of cold veal: and there was a little dog under the table that picked up all the crumbs. 'Hang him,' says I. 'No, don't hang him,' says he: 'for he killed a hare yesterday. And if you don't believe me, I'll show you the hare alive in a basket.' So he took me into his garden to show me the curiosities. In one corner there was a fox hatching eagles' eggs; in another there was an iron apple tree, entirely covered with pears and lead; in the third there was the hare which the dog killed yesterday alive in the basket; and in the fourth there were twenty-four *hipper switches* threshing tobacco, and at the sight of me they threshed so hard that they drove the plug through the wall, and through a little dog that was passing by on the other side. I, hearing the dog howl, jumped over the wall; and turned it as neatly inside out as possible, when it ran away as if it had not an hour to live. Then he took me into the park to show me his deer: and I remembered that I had a warrant in my pocket to shoot venison for his majesty's dinner. So I set fire to my bow, poised my arrow, and shot amongst them. I broke seventeen ribs on one side, and twenty-one and a half on the other; but my arrow passed clean through without ever touching it, and the worst was I lost my arrow: however, I found it again in the hollow of a tree. I felt it; it felt clammy. I smelt it; it smelt honey. 'Oh, oh!' said I, 'here's a bee's nest,' when out sprang a covey of partridges. I shot at them; some say I killed eighteen; but I am sure I killed thirty-six, besides a dead salmon which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple pie I ever tasted." Such is the story; I can answer for its general accuracy. I am quite at sea as to the meaning and orthography of "*hipper switches*,"—having heard, not seen, the story.

S. G.

—Notes and Queries.

FORCEFUL EXPERIENCE.—The Dumfries Courier reports that the most forcible preacher in Scotland—a young clergyman of herculean ability—has been rather too forcible: for half an hour he expended his energy on the pulpit; at last the front gave way, and the preacher pitched into the area of the kirk, severely hurting the precentor in his descent.

SYMPATHY.—An Irish counsel being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied—"I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

AMERICAN RIVERS.

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames.
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'mselles or dames.

Yes, here the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Sour.

—James Smith.

The following communication may not prove uninteresting to the reading world:—"I told me the other day that — told — that if — would only — him, he would — without any compunction; for that —, although a —, was not a —, and that he never —; and this fact — told —, and even —, as well as — himself. Although — told me this in confidence, still I know — will not blame me for repeating it; for — can corroborate it if he happens not to be gone to —."

PUZZLING QUESTIONS.—The following puzzling questions were put, among others, by Charles Lamb to Coleridge:—

"Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?"

"Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether if he *could* he would?"

"Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminate ever sneer?"

"Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?"

MIND AND BODY.—Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier. "Ah," said he, "I can make up my mind to it, but cannot make up my body."

CHARITY OF A MISER.—An illiterate person who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, over-hearing once a hint to that effect, replied: "Other gentlemen puts what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*!"—Hoop.

TWO EVILS.—"There are only two bad things in this world," says Hannah More: "sin and bile."

DOMESTIC EPOCH.—"I knew an excellent old lady," says the author of the Lift for the Lazy, "who always dated from the time 'when their horses ran away.' To be sure it was a remarkable begins, and she used to remark, in describing it, that 'she put the firmest reliance on providence till the breeching broke, and then she gave up.'"

THE SHOP VISIBLE.—A shopkeeper once wrote to his sister—"Our aged father died yesterday of a large assortment of disorders."

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

*. Mr. J. G. HAVILAND, at his Periodical and Newspaper Store, No. 422½ Broadway, near Canal Street, will receive subscriptions for the Literary World.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

A. HART, Philadelphia, intends issuing the following works:—The Sisters, a Novel, by Valentine Vox. The Bridal and the Bride; or, a Honey Moon in the East. Kingsford on Plank Roads. Nobody's Son; or, the Adventures of Percival Maberry. Nell Gwynne; or, the Court of the Stuarts: a Historical Novel complete. Overman's Handbook for Moulding in Sand, Cement, and Metal forms. Bertie: a Humorous Novel, by the author of "Nag's Head." Mississippi Scenes, including the Legend of Black Creek. The Sea King, a Novel, by the author of "Scourge of the Ocean." The Initials, a new Edition. A Treatise on the Manufacture and Working of Steel. The American Complete Cotton Spinner and

Manager's and Carder's Guide, by the late Robert H. Baird. A new Novel, by the author of "Linda." A Night at the Ugly Man's and other Sketches, by Simon Suggs. Polly Peablossom's Wedding and other Tales, by T. A. Barke. Solomon Slug and his Five Love Adventures. Stuart's Dictionary of Architecture, with 1000 Copperplate Engravings. The Maid of Canal street, by Miss Leslie; and Macaulay's Miscellanies, a new Edition, 5 vols., large type. The Art of Dyeing Silk, Woollen, and Worsted Goods, single and two colored Damasks, Moreens, &c., comprising 800 Receipts.

PHILLIPS ON INSURANCE. NEW EDITION.—The author is preparing a new edition of this work, which will be ready early in the season, in which the doctrinal propositions will be put in a distinct form in each subjection, successively numbered. The decisions since last edition will be incorporated. Mr. A. HART is the Philadelphia publisher.

J. S. Redfield has in press a beautiful volume, entitled Episodes of Insect Life, by "Acheta Domestica."

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